February 1919

THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

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"BULL" DURHAM

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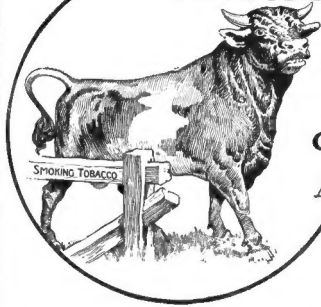

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"My dear Nurse, you're a wonder."

"Because I 'roll your own' for you, Captain?"

"For all the splendid things you have done for me—brought in here—gassed—both arms out of business—unconscious—for the way you have pulled me through—for the way you've—"

"Oh! I am disappointed. I thought you meant I rolled a good cigarette."

"The best in the world, Nurse. Do you know the first thing I saw when I came through? after the—"

"Me, of course."

"Yes, you, standing by my cot, rolling a cigarette. I thought you were one pleasant dream when you put it in my lips, and watched me draw that first, long whiff of real life again."

"Nice of me, wasn't it to know *just* what you wanted most, first? and how you wanted it?"

"That's what I can't *get*, Nurse, how you *knew*."

The nurse drew a little closer. "I grew up with real Americans like you, in the big West," she said. "My brothers, fighting now like you, loved to have me roll them for them. When you were out of your head, you struggled to loosen your bound arms and shouted, 'I want to roll one, don't hold my hands. I want to roll one'. Of course I knew—and with the 'makings' was waiting for you to come back."

The Captain's eyes moistened—and that wonderful woman seeing—and knowing that for him "rolling his own" was a long way off, smiled and said—"Is there really no *next* best thing, Captain, no other way?"

"Not in a thousand years," he answered, "unless you—"

But the nurse, blushing, gave him the cigarette she had rolled, lit it without looking at him, then moved hastily away.

Nothing takes the place of the cigarette you make with your own hands, fresh and fragrant, and satisfying, of good old "BULL". Besides, "rolling your own" is very much more economical.

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The

RED CROSS MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of the American National Red Cross
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Let There Be Light!

By Ruth Wright Kauffman

Decoration by EDWARD. A. WILSON

BLACK with the blackness of hell and despair
Village and village and village lay there;
Never a candle and never a lamp—
Four hundred miles of the enemies' camp.

Trains of munitions that creak with their loads,
Supplies, horses, soldiers engulfed by the roads;
An ambulance crawling, a password, and then
Through the shell-shattered houses the marching
of men.

Black with the blackness of wounds and of death
The villages huddled there holding their breath;
Black—till there rang this new order to "Cease"—
"It is over!—all over!—the war!—*there is peace!*

Come, dance on the ruins—Look, No Man's
Land there,
"Verboten" for years, is a world's thoroughfare;
And village and village, remember the night,
But turn it to day—and let there be light.

The sorrow unburied, destruction—how much!
Four hundred long miles for the taper to touch!
The shades are undrawn, the lamps shining bright;
It is dawn in the darkness; again There Is Light!

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"Look, No Man's Land there,
'Verboten' for years is a world's thoroughfare"

—Let There Be Light Page 1

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THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

VOLUME XIV *February, 1919* NUMBER 2

The Coming Red Cross

THE past has ceased to be a fetich. Precedent is no longer sacrosanct. We have emerged into a forward-looking world, with new standards, new plans and hopes, and a new code of behavior. It required only the suspension of hostilities, the first movement in the direction of peace and readjustment, to reveal the long step that the nations had taken toward regeneration since the war began.

Time was when at the close of conflict, shattered peoples were left to their own resources, to struggle out from amid the ruins as best they might, paying a persistent toll to starvation, cold, and disease; living along in agony until nature covered again the scarred land and the strongest, who survived, had by years of unaided toil and superlative sacrifice built up a new life and a new policy on the débris of yesterday.

We are still in a condition of turmoil and confusion. The drums have scarcely ceased to beat or the shots to echo. The disagreements incident to reconstruction make clamor on every hand; but even now ships are swarming the seas, freighted with food and clothing and medical supplies—with help of every kind for the relief of hurt peoples and the restoration of broken countries.

In the whole panorama of history there is no picture more novel or amazing than that of this international relief, which has been instituted not by charitable agencies but by governments, as a sequel of the world's most appalling war.

In the light of this manifestation no dream of human brotherhood that any man ever dreamed may be set down as fanciful or beyond the range of possibility.

This condition, developing with such impressive swiftness, makes definite answer to the question so many millions of Americans have been asking themselves since the European struggle entered its final stage: "What is the Red Cross going to do after the war?"

It is clear now, as we have steadily maintained, that the task for the Red Cross from this time forward will be in one sense far greater than it has been in the past. Nothing is more plainly established than that the Red Cross principle is in the world to stay and to grow. In every man and woman there is a spiritual self. It may be starved and strangled in the prosecution of material purpose, but it does not and cannot die. Its voice may be drowned in the din of business or the clatter of fame but it rises again clear in the silences and it will not be denied.

The Red Cross has served perhaps its highest and most far-reaching human purpose as the embodiment and reminder of that indestructible conscience. Struggling on through a thousand years from trivial beginnings its cardinal doctrines have become at last the fundamental rules of war, infringement of which places the offender beyond the pale of international faith. It is plain now that they have also become the code of peace. For the moment, the whole world, maimed and sick, is in a state of uncertainty and unrest. It labors toward a new outgiving. The life of nations and of individuals is a daily interrogation, but no one will deny that there has arisen out of this struggle a recognition of duty and the purely human debt which man owes to man and nation to nation.

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In the new alignment, the new order which war has brought about, fidelity to moral obligation has been given a value which it never had before. There has been put squarely up to every one of us the realization that no matter how it affects our pockets or our personal convenience we are, after all, our brother's keepers.

While the war was in progress, with its roll of horrors extending from day to day, with its shadow spreading out over all our homes, the Red Cross appeal sounded on sensitive ears; it swayed the heart and the conscience. In the last analysis it fastens itself upon the reason. What was once a grudging or perhaps vainglorious "charity" is now about to become a normal process of helpfulness.

The future of the Red Cross, and our relation to it, must therefore no longer be measured merely by the standards of war. While—save in emergent calamities of earthquake or fire or flood—the work of the organization may lack the spectacular intensity which marked its war-time labors, the field is incalculably widened, the ramifications of opportunity endlessly multiplied. Outside the immediate relief which the organization may be called on to provide in the war-ravaged countries or in our own country incident to the war work the demands upon it will be of a more purely civic nature, for the continuous doing of such things as may improve conditions stimulates the great work of education not alone in the arts but in the science of living not only in relieving but in preventing suffering. It is in these fields that the Red Cross principles will attain to their finest fruition, and here also they will make their deepest and strongest appeal to every man and woman who has to live in the world.

It will become more and more plain, as its future activities develop, that the Red Cross is not essentially a militant force, that it is not merely a maker of surgical dressings and refugee garments, nor a trainer of nurses nor a hospital agency. It is all these and more. It is a principle and a theory of life, the tangible and visible exponent of unselfishness of the spirit of service to one's fellow beings not only in crying emergencies but in all the exigencies of daily existence.

And as the world comes closer together it will be strange if the Red Cross organizations of all countries, holding as they do one great commission from the Geneva Convention for humanity and mercy, do not by the very nature of their great calling unite to spread this influence throughout a world which in the long labor of development and betterment is sure to need it.

With such coöperation not only can epidemics and all manner of disasters be met with instant, systematic, and effective relief, but the whole cause of human helpfulness and mutual understanding can be advanced to a degree which it is hard to overestimate.

The vital thing is that we who have been stirred to heroic effort through all the pitiful period of war should not relax in faith, effort, or determination in the face of this greater constructive mission. The work which has been done for others through the Red Cross has reacted in many and righteous ways upon the doer, but the far greater advantage will come to those who do not weary in well doing.

Unless all the signs of the present hour be vain and illusory, they will have part in a still greater accomplishment, a work in which all peoples may share and which in the end will draw the whole world of labor and of thought into close and enduring kinship.

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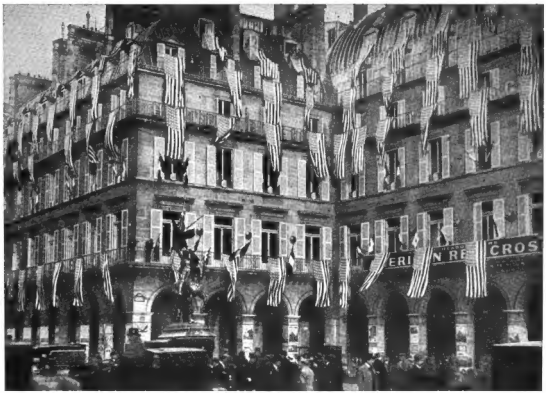

Decorations on the American Red Cross Headquarters, Place de Rivoli, Paris, to celebrate the signing of the armistice with Germany

The Red Cross and the American Army

By Major General Merritte W. Ireland

Surgeon General U. S. Army

There could be no more interesting or more important tribute to the Red Cross than this article by Surgeon General Ireland. In charge of the Army Medical Corps as Chief Surgeon in France, General Ireland saw with his own eyes the manifold activities and services of the American Red Cross. His appreciation is based on its practical acts of coöperation. No one in the Red Cross, as officer, worker, or member, can read his authoritative expression without a justified feeling of pride that our work should have merited such distinguished approval

THE greatest word in the vocabulary of the professional medical officer is *sanitation.* Sanitation means cleanliness. And if order is heaven's first wish for the world, cleanliness must certainly be its second.

That the world may be clean! That is the way I view the great task of the Red Cross workers of the world. Clean physically, clean mentally, clean morally—I can think of no more inspiring or practical gospel for humanity than that. And the Red Cross is its evangelist.

If such a service is needed by the world in general, how much more is it needed by an army in action! It is a commonplace that our greatest enemy in this war was, not the Germans, but dirt. Never before have soldiers had to fight

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We surmise that this is in the Argonne; when the photograph was taken all indications of the place were forbidden by the censor

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One of the smaller of the American field hospitals in France—giving a rather comprehensive view of its lay-out

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Just what the inside of a tent hospital, established in record time at Auteuil, looks like, showing particularly the windows

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The Red Cross could operate in and around Paris when the Army could not, and it established many hospitals there. This one is the tent hospital at Auteuil

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so much exposed to dirt and filth. And yet never has a great war been won with so little suffering and death caused directly by this enveloping contagion. For this achievement—and there has been no greater in the late war in Europe—we have to thank most of all the American Red Cross.

The story of the cleaning influence of the Red Cross workers in France is too long for me to attempt to tell with any completeness. It has been an enterprise as vast as the war itself. From the beginning it has done those things which the Army Medical Corps wanted done but could not do itself. Without the help of the American Red Cross the Army Medical Department could not have done its work.

The work of the Red Cross was often the theme of discussions at American General Headquarters at Chaumont. I remember that it was enlarged upon there in a conversation between General Pershing, Mr. H. P. Davison, the Chairman of the War Council of the American Red Cross, and myself. We were speaking of the value of the service rendered by the millions of our women and how they helped keep the influence of home about the boys at the front. *And General Pershing said: "The women of the United States deserve a large share of the credit for the successes of the American forces."*

Our Army officers have often admired not only the spirit but the efficiency of the American Red Cross organization. It provided an inexhaustible store of supplies; it possessed a remarkable facility for adapting itself to any emergency, however unexpected; and its personnel always evinced the finest readiness for coöperation. The millions of surgical dressings, knitted articles, refugee garments, and other supplies it contributed—for these things alone it would have deserved the Army's unstinted praise. All the splints used in all our hospitals in France, both of the Army and of the Red Cross, came from the Red Cross. It furnished more than a quarter of a billion surgical dressings. It sent over enough sweaters for every man in our overseas forces to possess one.

I remember once, as I started to motor back to General Headquarters, I told my colored driver that I had a Red Cross sweater for him. He replied: "Thanks, boss, but I've just distributed eleven of them to the boys over in the garage."

The work of the Red Cross as an organization began beyond the Army's evacuating hospitals and continued through base hospitals, convalescent homes, recreation rooms, railway food depots, on board the steamers, and on back to our own shores, and is continuing until the men reach home. This has been the work, involving as it did thousands of devoted workers and minute attention to numberless trifles, which the Army organizations alone could never have performed.

Many a time I have seen our men being fed on the often slow and tedious railway journeys in France; seen those who were taken sick en route being cared for; seen them being amused by movies, lectures, libraries at rest centres; seen letters being written by Red Cross "searchers" for those who were too sick to write themselves, or witnessed the motherly oversight given the young women nurses when they came to the cities on their brief vacations. Do you know what an army medical officer thinks when he sees things like these? Just this: Such comforts bring the home influence to the battlefield; the home influence means morale, and morale means—victory!

The larger and more spectacular ways in which the Red Cross has helped the fighting forces are, I dare say, pretty well understood by the readers of the RED CROSS MAGAZINE. It directed its army of workers in France from two headquarters: the field headquarters at Chaumont, under command of Major Hugh Scott, and the civilian headquarters in Paris, this latter being at first situated at 4 Place de la Concorde but later, and at present, in what was the Regina Hotel.

Major Scott's offices at Chaumont adjoined mine, our rooms being separated only by a door. With Major Scott and Chief Red Cross Surgeon Colonel Alexander Lambert, and later Chief Surgeon Colonel Fred Murphy, I maintained the closest and most friendly coöperation possible. The Army medical and sanitation work and that of the Red Cross are two services requiring no liaison officials. We worked together like one unit. This was made possible because of the loyal and indefatigable interest these Red Cross officers and their associates took in the execution of the Army plans.

Probably the greatest single service rendered by the Red Cross home forces was the supply of trained nurses it furnished our hospitals. The Army Medical Corps trains a few nurses, but could never hope to turn out the large number provided through Miss Delano's department. If we needed a thousand nurses for a given work, we telegraphed the War Department. The War Department notified Miss Delano. And the nurses arrived on schedule.

An especially notable service rendered by Red Cross nurses occurred during the early American campaigns when our men were brigaded with French divisions. When wounded, they were, of course, taken to French hospitals. Unable to answer questions or tell their needs, they were in a very unhappy plight. Scores of Red Cross nurses speaking both French and English were immediately sent to these hospitals—and the

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The Debarkation in France of a group of nurses enlisted by the Red Cross and turned over to the Army Medical Corps

problem was solved. In this war, where several armies were operating together, the only common hospital service is that of the Red Cross.

Another much-appreciated assistance came from the fact that the Red Cross could establish itself in places forbidden the Army Medical Departments. Within the district of Paris, for instance, we could not establish Army hospitals. The Red Cross, however, in that district is now operating units 1, 2, and 3 as well as a tent hospital, which had at first five hundred beds, but, when I came away, had twenty-two hundred!

The Red Cross could also establish store depots in places the Army could not enter for strategic reasons. Suppose Headquarters planned an attack in a given region. Hospital stores must be got to that region. If the Army were observed by the enemy to be transporting stores thither, you can see that it wouldn't take much guessing on the part of enemy observers to tell where that drive was going to be. But the Red Cross was everywhere, always preparing for any possible contingency. For it to be busily in evidence in the most unlikely places was no novelty. Thus as the Red Cross workers were kept posted as to our plans of attack, they were able to place hospital supplies where they would be most handy without arousing the Hun's suspicions.

This resourcefulness and willingness to undertake any work, no matter how novel or arduous, was exhibited in a brilliant manner during last summer's historic engagements in the Château-Thierry sector. It was there that the American Red Cross hospital service received its first baptism of fire in a general engagement in which our troops took part. It there first entered the "hospital fighting front." If full credit is to be given all American factors in this battle, which saved Paris for the second time and broke the back of the German military power, the action of the Red Cross must be described in some detail.

The Red Cross went to France with three major purposes: to restore devastated districts, to aid those of the French people who were stricken by the war, and to augment the sanitary service of the American Expeditionary Forces. The last

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named service, was controlled directly by the officers of the Army and was as much subject to General Pershing's orders as the Army Medical Department itself. By the regulations of the Army Medical Department, the "Red Cross personnel, except in cases of great emergency, will not be assigned to duty at the front, but will be employed in hospitals in the service of the interior, at the base, in hospital ships, and along the line of communications."

At Château-Thierry came the "great emergency." The Germans, springing their last surprise offensive, early in June began a drive toward Paris from the Chemin des Dames. So rapid was their initial advance that the French Medical Department lost more than forty thousand beds and considerable stores. The need in that sector for evacuating hospitals, that is, mobile operating units, developed immediately.

The Red Cross rose promptly to the occasion. The splendid base hospital at Juilly, not far from Château-Thierry, which had been for some time most capably managed by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, was taken over by the Red Cross and made into a large, non-mobile, evacuating hospital.

By the time the French-American counter-attack had begun in the middle of July, two Red Cross mobile units were established at the front. One, No. 114, in charge of Major McCoy, who came to France with base hospital No. 1, the Bellevue unit, was established at Jouy-sur-Morin, south of Château-Thierry. It moved up into Château-Thierry, as the tide of battle started north, and occupied a school-house in the city.

About the same time another Red Cross evacuating hospital, No. 110, under charge of Major Moorhead, whose wife is superintendent in charge of the Red Cross work of making surgical dressings, moved north and set up a tent at Coincy, just above Château-Thierry.

The record made by these two hospital units during the counterattack should always be accounted a bright page in the annals of the American Red Cross. They, with Army units, served at the fighting front.

As the counterattack developed there streamed back upon these evacuating hospitals a tide of American wounded that kept the workers busy day and night. Each unit had about eight or ten operating teams, each team being composed of a surgeon, assistant surgeon, anaesthetist and nurse. They worked in shifts. One shift operated from eight in the morning until seven in the evening; then, after an hour for cleaning up, the other began at eight and worked until seven in the morning. The full tragedy of the casualties from gas, shells, and machine-gun bullets will not be understood until the workers and soldiers return, each to tell his tale.

From this time on, Major McCoy's and Major Moorhead's units were regularly numbered among the evacuating hospitals of the Army Medical Corps and were operated as such. The facility with which they were fused into the Army organization is itself an indication of the fine harmony existing among Army and Red Cross leaders. Both these Red Cross units were thereafter moved swiftly into those places where the fighting was thickest. They served at the drive across the St. Mihiel salient and later with the advance made from Toul to the west of the Meuse River.

In the St. Mihiel fighting all the evacuating hospitals experienced a pleasant surprise. The American Headquarters expected a bitter struggle and our hospitals were prepared to handle wounded on an unprecedented scale. It turned out, however, that we had overestimated the morale of the enemy and underestimated the valor of our troops. The salient was taken with comparative ease and, as you recall, in record time. The number of wounded was very small indeed. On October 6th, I remained all night with Major McCoy's unit operating at Fleury. I have only praise for the loyalty and effectiveness of his staff.

As to the future work of the Red Cross in France: it will not be ended until the work of our Army is ended, and perhaps not even then. Although the fighting is over, the Red Cross will be performing a much-needed service all this winter. It will care for the large number of our wounded still in convalescent hospitals and homes in France. Hospitals and homes overseas are not what they are in this country. They are not heated to the degree of warmth to which Americans are accustomed, and there are fewer facilities. Without the Red Cross nurses the places where our sick and wounded boys are sheltered would be mighty cheerless.

Although there is to be no further expansion of the Red Cross work in France, its work will go on. It will bring comfort to our boys not only as they lie sick in hospitals and as they keep guard on German soil, but to the thousands of repatriated French people who are returning to pick out from the bleak devastation of war the ruins of what were once their ancestral homes. Without the Red Cross army of mercy to follow in the tragic furrows made by the engines of war, the aftermath of suffering in France this winter would be a greater desolation than we can conceive.

Fighting with mortal weapons may cease, but the campaign of mercy of the Red Cross will never cease as long as the need of cleansing and healing is present among the races of the earth.

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A Little Soldier of France

By Dorothy Canfield

Author of "The Squirrel Cage," "The Bent Twig," "Home Fires in France"

Illustrations by DENMAN FINK

Dorothy Canfield Fisher has been in France since the summer of 1916. Her first work was for the blind soldiers in Paris, with Miss Winifred Holt. Later she helped in an ambulance camp of which her husband was in command. She took a family of refugee children under her charge to the Pyrenees, she helped establish two hospitals for children under the Red Cross, one specially devoted to tuberculous children Her ardent activities included a home for the children of munition workers near Paris. Long acquaintanceship with the French people and the French language have given her an unusual equipment for helpfulness through understanding and sympathy Dorothy Canfield is a distinguished novelist. She has written some remarkable stories and sketches about the French people in wartime, now included in a volume, "Home Fires in France." One noble piece, "The Refugee," has been translated into French and used extensively by the French Government.

I FIRST knew him when his brown eyes barely showed above the top of the table—big brown eyes they were, too big for his thin, pale little face. For he was a delicate child. His father died when Jean was eleven years old, leaving Jean's pretty mother alone to face the care and anxiety of earning the living and bringing up a delicate, difficult little boy, who was already perhaps, to tell the exact truth, a good deal indulged, as clever, precocious, not-very-strong only sons are apt to be.

All of us in the circle of old friends who were very fond of the little boy, worried continuously about him whenever we had nothing else to do, and sometimes when we had. We worried about his health and about his education, about his morals and his capacity to earn his living, about the difficulty his pretty mother would encounter in bringing up single-handed a fatherless boy—but not even the most imaginative of us dreamed of any event so appalling as the war

"Jean is a real boy—a boy at the age when many of our own are in high school"

Jean was seventeen years old when the war broke out—a tall, weedy, pale boy of the hobbledehoy age, who had to be taken to the seashore every summer to get him in condition for his winter's schooling. As soon as it was apparent that the terrible struggle was going to be long, we all thought "he will be old enough for military service before long."

When Jean was eighteen he was examined for military service, and was dismissed because of imperfect physique He was utterly heartbroken! Did you ever see an American school-boy trying to "make" an athletic team? If you did, you have a picture of Jean during the next year. What no amount of maternal or medical advice had induced him to do, he now did with single-hearted ardor.

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He applied himself to eating the right things, taking the right exercises, and getting the right amount of sleep, with the passionate attention to hygiene of an aspirant to a college football team; and any American can testify that nothing could be more complete!

In twelve months he obtained another hearing, was given another examination, and was pronounced so much improved that he was fit for military service. Do you know what Jean felt on hearing that verdict? He leaped into the air, there in the barracks—the precocious, ultra-modern, keen-witted boy of nineteen, whom we had thought rather *blasé*, disillusioned, and unenthusiastic—upset a bench, and danced about the great dingy hall like a little boy.

HIS pretty mother took the news standing, like a woman of France in 1916. She was even able to give him a smile in answer to his shouted announcement of the great news. And she sent him off to his training-school in the south of France without shedding a tear. But she was very white when she came back from the train, and we all knew what she was thinking of—even before the great horror which loomed dimly in the distance, the danger of actual service at the front. There was her boy, her delicate boy, who had a sore throat every time his feet were wet, for whom one doctor had predicted tuberculosis, who couldn't always digest even the carefully prepared home diet; how would he fare in barrack life, with strange officers commanding him, with monotonous, coarse food, marching in the rain, carrying a rifle, digging trenches, with nobody to take care of him?

Now here is where Jean begins to speak for himself. Being a French son, he wrote his mother every single day; and as I read over her shoulder those simple, boyish accounts of his new life, it occurred to me that Americans might be interested to know from his own words the details of how military training affected one young citizen of the Sister Republic; how he was treated by his commanding officers; what he had to do and eat; and above all what was the state of his mind. Remember, these are the daily letters of a boy to his mother—spontaneous, unstudied, artless, revealing all that was in his boy's mind and heart. Remember, furthermore, that Jean's mother, though so pretty, is just one of the innumerable school-teachers in Paris, neither rich nor influential, that she had no acquaintances in the *milieu* to which her son journeyed, that he was to the officers and personnel of the barracks just one of a new "batch" of conscripts. Remember, also, that the training he received has produced what is almost universally considered as the finest free citizen army the world has ever seen. Remember what the French officers have done with their men, when you read how they treated this soldier in the making.

It would be a pleasure to transcribe all those unconscious, matter-of-fact boyish epistles, but as one comes every day, there are far too many to give them in full. So I must try to pick out just the phrases and paragraphs which are most significant, which will give you the best picture of Jean in his new life. You will understand, of course, why my extracts sound disconnected. I am going to try also to put his vivid French-boy slang into a partly corresponding American-boy slang. I know before I begin that this is an impossible undertaking, but perhaps my unsuccessful effort will make you remember that it is a real boy speaking, a boy at the age when many of our own are in high school.

The first letter, received two days after he left Paris, runs: "Dear Maman: We got here last night at nine o'clock, after travelling all day. We slept with all our clothes on, on mattresses laid on the ground, two fellows to a mattress. Of course we didn't get such an awful lot of sleep, but I don't feel a bit tired this morning. Perhaps that's because we had a gorgeous shower bath which we all needed very much. I hope you got a postal card from me posted en route. We had lots of fun on the train. This morning reveille blew at five o'clock, and the first job they gave us was peeling potatoes! So far everything goes splendidly. . . ."

The next day. "Dearest Maman: We were fitted out to-day. This is what every fellow got: A cap, an overcoat, two coats, two undershirts, two pairs of trousers (corduroys), two cotton blouses, two pairs of gray canvas trousers, two pairs of drawers, two socks, three shirts, a fatigue cap, two pairs of shoes, a knapsack, and three cartridge holders. We will have our rifles and bayonets later on. All the underwear and linen we got was perfectly new and as good as anybody could want. My overcoat is, maybe, a little too big for me, but everything else fits me all right. We slept last night on beds (no sheets) and I certainly did make up for lost time. The officers are awfully nice to us, and take good care of us. They have been teaching us how to pack our knapsacks and how to put on our equipment properly. We were passed in review by the lieutenant, all of us in marching order. The knapsack is pretty heavy when it is full. We were let off to-day from eleven in the morning till eight in the evening. Some of us, who are good pals already, have come to a little restaurant in town where we have had dinner (thirty cents apiece) and are now sitting in the garden of the restaurant. I'm writing you and the others are playing dominoes. We spent all yesterday afternoon sewing buttons on our new clothes. It was an awful job. But we finally got through. Our first dinner in the barracks last night. Plain beef and potatoes . . . but lots of it and very good, and fine coffee. . . ."

DEAR Maman: Well, I persist in enjoying myself! This is Sunday and we didn't get up till half past six. The adjutant, an awfully nice fellow, let us sleep till then because he thought we'd be tired with the journey. We had our first short march to-day with thirty pounds weight in the knapsacks and two bags besides. I was all set up to find that I wasn't nearly as tired as some of the others. We have a great big room, where there are twenty-four of us sleeping, all from Paris like me, and all good fellows. From our windows there's a very nice view out over the trees and the pretty country. The food is great. We have for every meal hot soup, meat, vegetables, and *lots* of everything! The captain himself came yesterday to the dining-room when nobody was looking for him, sampled our dinner,

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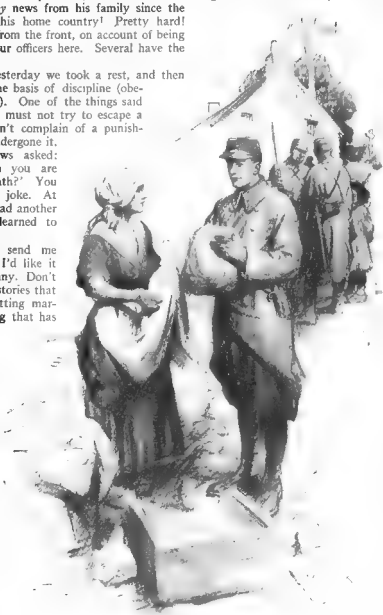
and asked us if we liked what we got. We told him it was sure all right. No thanks, you don't need to send me anything to piece out, not even money, because I still have four dollars which ought to last quite a while. I like our officers. The corporal, who sleeps in our dormitory and keeps order, is from Roubaix, and hasn't had *any* news from his family since the Germans invaded his home country! Pretty hard! He was sent back from the front, on account of being wounded, like all our officers here. Several have the *Croix de Guerre*.

"After dinner yesterday we took a rest, and then had a lecture on the basis of discipline (obedience to authority). One of the things said was that a soldier must not try to escape a penalty, and mustn't complain of a punishment till he had undergone it. One of the fellows asked: 'How about when you are condemned to death?' You see they let us joke. At three o'clock we had another short march and learned to salute.

"If you could send me something to read, I'd like it fine. Something funny. Don't send any silly love stories that end with people getting married. Nor anything that has a sad ending, either! . . ."

"Dearest Maman: Your long letter arrived this morning and it was great to get it. The time when letters from home arrive is one of the best things in a soldier's life." [We laughed just a little, Jean's mother and I, at this. Jean had been a "soldier" for about a week!] "Here's what we did yesterday. At five o'clock we got up, dressed, and had breakfast. 'Rest' till eight o'clock. 'Rest' is just a way of putting it, for we are kept busy every minute doing the work in the dormitory and getting all our things in apple-pie order. At eight o'clock we were marched off to a field about a mile and a half from town. A ripping thunderstorm broke over us, and we were soaked to the skin. But they kept us moving at a lively gait and nobody got cold. The minute we got back to the barracks they made us change every stitch on us, even to our undershirts. At eleven o'clock soup, meat, potatoes. 'Rest' till half past one; half past one till four, setting-up exercises in the same field as the morning, a mile and half away. At five soup, meat, beans; from six to nine a stroll around the town with two of the fellows I'm getting specially friendly with. We three fellows have found a washwoman who will do our shirts and socks. The other things we ourselves will wash. We are soon going to have a medical examination and will be classed (1) strong, (2) medium, (3) weak, (4) sent home.



"I have found a washwoman who will wash my shirts and socks"

"Our setting-up exercises are in two parts — learning the movements of military drill and games. They have us play leap-frog and run one-legged races, or run races with another fellow on our backs. This is so we'll know how to rescue the wounded under fire. Between every game we have deep-breathing exercises. When we have our hour of 'rest' at noon, we lie down flat on our beds, and sing all the comic songs, and have great larks. Our officers are splendid. Yesterday the captain came again into the dining-room to sample the food. As I write it is seven in the morning and I must stop to go get my shower-bath. . . ."

"Well, we've had our medical examination. It was serious business, let me tell you. They weighed us, measured us all over, and stethoscoped our hearts and

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lungs. I almost got into Class 1 (strong); but when the doctor heard I'd had typhoid fever and that my father died of it, he put me in medium. You see they ask us all about our family history. I have found a washwoman who will wash my shirts and socks. If you are going to send me socks, send *woolen* ones! They're the only kind for us on account of our big clumping shoes. Yes, I'll have my photograph taken in my uniform and send you one. I've been waiting till I get my rifle and bayonet." ["Oh, the child that he is, this soldier of eighteen!" we said to each other between tears and laughter.] "You still don't need to send me anything, neither extra food nor money. If my letters sound disconnected, it's on account of the singing and talking all around me. I'm writing in the dormitory with all the fellows going strong. I was vaccinated yesterday. The first anti-typhoid fever inoculation will be after next week.

"I'm looking forward to those books you're going to send me. Here at the barracks, when we have time free, I stretch out on the bed and don't do anything but rest myself. But when we are allowed some hours outside the barracks I'd like to be able to go off and read somewhere, either under a tree or in front of a cage. The racket that is always going on in the dormitory makes it impossible to read or write here. I don't mind that, because there is always lots of fun going on. . . ."

"I was talking to-day with Sergeant Leclerc, who said I could go into his room whenever I wanted to be quiet to read or write. He's fine. He went off to the war a common soldier, won his chevrons on the battlefield, and was sent back here after having been wounded at Verdun.

"If you could send me a couple of dollars, it would just fix me up. No hurry. I still have a dollar and sixty cents that ought to last for a while. Somehow there seem to be a lot of little things to buy here, besides the occasional meals I take in town, and my four dollars has sort of melted away.

"Well, we're all pretty tired to-night! We went through the tests that will finally settle how we are to be classed. I was above the average in everything but rope climbing. Here are my records—don't forget that all the running and jumping was done in our clumping army shoes that weigh more than two pounds apiece.

Running high jump	. .	3 feet 10 inches.
Running broad jump	.	13 "
Standing high jump	. .	3 "
Standing broad jump	.	6 " 4 inches.
Races. 65 yards	.	8 seconds
440 "	.	1 minute and a half.
880 "		2 minutes and 58 seconds.

You can see I'm not pining away any. They make you lift over your head a knapsack that weighs 33 pounds as many times as you can. I did it thirty-two times. Maybe that is the reason that my back is a bit sore to-night. But everybody's in the same boat and lots of the fellows are tireder than I.

"We had yesterday afternoon off, and I took dinner in the canteen for the sake of variety. We had two poached eggs, a mutton chop, some salad, cheese, wine, bread and coffee, all for thirty cents. Not so bad, was it? The food here is still all right, but it's a little monotonous, so once in a while it is a treat to have a change. Next Sunday some of us are going

"We wash ourselves at the pump outside the door; but we have real beds to sleep in"

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"The general, stopping in front of me, gathered a handful of the extra cloth in his hand. 'Here, my boy,' he said. 'You must grow fast and fill that up—for France'"

off for a long cross-country tramp, cook and eat our dinner out of doors, and have a good quiet country day. I have written my name on the list of those who would like to study to be a corporal. I do hope I'll make it –if it weren't for my miserable husky voice, I'd be pretty sure to, I think. . . ."

"I'm in another dormitory now, with those who are studying to be corporals. You see I did get there! I'm awfully glad. The fellows I'm with now are all more my kind than the others—though they were all right, too—a nice bunch.

"I'm writing you to-day on a little table in the sergeant's room. He lets me come in whenever I want to be quiet. To-day, we had exercises all day long. We learned how to climb hedges and fences and walls. There was one wall specially constructed for exercises We climbed it and jumped down from a height of nine feet. Maybe that doesn't sound high, but it surely looked so to us. They say we keep jumping higher and higher till we jump down from a part of the wall that's fifteen feet high. They made us get down into a ditch that's six feet deep and then get out by using our arms. Two fellows were stuck there and we had to help them out. You would better believe we made fun of them. We have lots of fun doing these exercises. Yes, I haven't forgotten that you asked for my photograph. I'm waiting till I get my rifle and bayonet. I don't know yet whether I'm to stay in the class with those who are to be corporals. It all depends on whether my miserable voice can be trained to be loud enough. I have found a washwoman who will do my socks and—but it seems to me that I have written you about this before! To-morrow we are to be inoculated against typhoid. We are to be exempt from service the day after that and don't have to do a blessed thing but keep quiet. I've talked with some of the fellows who were inoculated before us, and they say it doesn't hurt much and doesn't make you sick any to speak of afterwards.

"Our captain told us to-day about the glorious conduct of the 110th at Verdun. They were trying to shelter themselves in a shell-hole, hadn't eaten a mouthful for three days, and hadn't a single cartridge left. But they repulsed *with their bayonets* three German attacks. All our officers, every one, have been sent back here after active service at the front. Besides this, they treat us as white as anybody could, and I tell you there isn't one of us who doesn't jump at the word of command from them. . . ."

"We have our rifles and bayonets now. They just came. I will have my photograph taken this afternoon. We have had our first march with our rifles, about five miles I had been sort of afraid that a rifle would be heavy to carry, but well balanced on your shoulder it's not bad at all—about twelve and a half pounds. I don't feel the typhoid-fever inoculations at all now, not a bit of soreness left. The officers are really awfully good to us! The two days after our last typhoid fever inoculation, when we were all feeling sort of dumpy, the lieutenant came two or three times a day into the dormitory to see that we were all right. It's the lieutenant who is mostly in charge of us. He's a splendid fellow—has all sorts of honors for bravery at the front. The sergeant is good to me, too. I've put all my books and papers in his room now, and he's given me a key to get in any time I want to be quiet."

"This time I'm writing to you on my bed, with my knapsack to write on. We were inoculated against typhoid the last time, this morning, and the order is to stay in bed for the day. I don't feel sick, only, of course, the sore place in my left shoulder. But they don't want to take any chances of our being sick. All of us are lying quietly reading or writing. The only trouble is that they won't let us eat much of any-

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thing till to-morrow morning when all chance of fever is over."

About this time the farmers in all that part of France were very short of help in the vineyards, and the Government assisted them by sending detachments of "soldiers in the making" to act as farm-hands for a week or so. So here is our little Parisian city-dweller entering upon an experience as new to him as the life in the barracks.

"We had an awful time getting here, the trains run so badly. We had to wait most all night at a junction where there wasn't a thing to eat, and didn't get a wink of sleep all night. We got to the station at half-past six this morning, and had to walk five miles before we had anything to eat. Luckily we swiped some apples and grapes along the way, enough to keep us from keeling over entirely. Finally we got to the farm. The farmer's family are just all right, though not long on style! They have two sons in the army at the front, and we are taking their places for the harvest. We had a breakfast of bread, bacon, and beans. Then we picked grapes till noon, when we had a good lunch of soup, meat, vegetables, fruit. Then we picked more grapes till five o'clock. An ox-team brought the grapes back to the press and we trampled them out with our feet—in them up to our knees. I never had more fun! And I never ate so many grapes in all my life. I just stuffed, they were so good! They let us have all we want. Now don't worry. They don't hurt me a bit. Everybody says that folks thrive on grapes. . . ."

"I do like the people we are with a lot. They're plain as can be, but have lots of good sense. We wash ourselves at the pump outside the door; but we have real beds to sleep in, and we sleep like logs. They are going to give us forty cents a day for our work here. That'll mean four dollars for spending money, which'll last me for quite a while. They treat us like members of the family. It's been great to be here. I'm writing with a dog asleep on my feet and a kitten on my shoulder. . . ."

"Back in the barracks again. It's still raining to-day; but we had all our exercises as usual. We marched out to a new place and had our first lessons in sentinel duty. It was ever so interesting. The way of it is this. They give us a certain piece of the country and we must note every single thing we see in it. They say you must learn literally to 'photograph' the landscape in your mind so that after some hours you can see if a bush or even a tuft of grass has been moved. It seems that often, when dawn comes, the sentinel is able to detect the fact that the enemy has been operating during the night by noting the disappearance of very small objects. I don't know when I've been so interested. I never seem to have really used my eyes before. . . ."

"In the afternoon we had our first rifle practice. The kick of the army rifle isn't so terrible as some of the fellows said. I didn't do a bit well, because I couldn't keep my hand from trembling—just a matter of nerves. I'll soon get the hang of it. The sergeant says maybe I can have a short furlough before long. If I get it, I'll have just time to get to Paris, have a few hours with you, and come back. But don't count on it too much. . . ."

"To-day we learned a new stunt, an addition to advancing by leaps. At the word of command, we stop advancing and lying flat on the ground, put our knapsacks in front of our heads. Then, lying on the left side, sheltered (a little bit) by our knapsacks, we take out a little excavating tool in our right hand and scoop out a hole big enough really to protect us from bullets as we lie down. We use the earth we throw up as a parapet in front of us and put our knapsacks on top of it. Then we go through the motions of firing. If you think all this is easy, you're mistaken. The second lieutenant and adjutant stand in front and throw clods at every head that sticks up above the knapsacks. But it is as interesting as it is hard to do. Thursday we are going to have an all-day march. They say Thursday is the regular day for hikes. I like our marching as well as anything we do, because I like to see the country. . . ."

The next news from Jean was a ring at the bell and his own voice in the hall calling for his mother. And yet it was not his old voice; it was a new voice. And when the welcoming rush of the family had brought him into the light of the living room, we saw that it was a new Jean who had come back to us. No spectacular change, and yet a great change. It was not because his chest was bigger around, nor that his neck had gained an inch in thickness, nor that the stoop in his shoulders was gone, nor that his face was brown and ruddy. No, it was none of these material changes. It was a new expression in his eyes, and on his lips—the softness of adolescence all gone at once, a man where our big boy had been. It made us foolish women very proud of him, and it made us want to cry.

But being in France in war-time we did not cry! We hurried to get him some dinner. And as he ate and we sat around him asking him questions, a little, little episode seemed to me significant of a great deal. I saw through it the meaning of what Jean has been doing; I saw how he had been busy growing up for France.

"Mercy, Jean," said his mother, "what an awful fit that coat is. It's twice too big for you! You must let me take up the seams while you're here so it won't wrinkle over your chest."

Jean, who had been fussily fastidious about the fit of his clothes, looked down thoughtfully at the worn, old, blue army coat hanging in folds on his slender frame. He said meditatively: "The general who passed us in review the other day, stopped in front of me, laughed when he saw those wrinkles, and gathered up a handful of the extra cloth in his hand. 'Here, my boy,' he said to me, 'you must grow fast and fill that up—for France.'"

While I was reflecting on this essentially French familiarity and comradery between high and low rank, Jean's mother was asking: "What did you answer the general, Jean?" He took an extra big mouthful of bread and cheese and said gravely, "Why, of course I said, 'All right, *mon Général*.'"

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What the Censorship Hid

By William G. Shepherd

EVERY state in this Union is, of course, entitled to a battle-flag, if for no other reason than that, by the odd fortune of war, it was the regulars of the American Army and the Rainbow Division from everywhere who bore the early brunt of America's part in the contest.

This fortune of war hinged on the fact that it was the regulars who went first to the scene. It was the early arrivals in France who did the most fighting. In the late arrivals there reposed dauntless valor, but the opportunities for its exhibition were limited. By April 15th the First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Divisions of Regulars, with the Thirty-Second and Forty-Second Divisions, were either in or en route to France. It was not until June 1st that the Twenty-Seventh, the Twenty-Eighth, the Thirtieth, the Thirty-Third, the Seventy-Seventh, the Eightieth, and the Eighty-Second began to arrive on the scene. But one of the many facts revealed by the removal of censorship is that, in addition to this general glory, which may attach to every state in the Union for the part played by her individual citizens in the regular armies, there are certain other localities, states, or divisions of this country where the folk for the next hundred years may speak proudly of what their boys in other divisions accomplished in the war. These things are just coming to light from behind the veil of censorship. It is too early yet to sift out all or even a small share of these incidents. We know, for instance, that New Haven, Conn., will resound throughout this generation to the stories of the scores of her young men, who, as a result of the early German drive, suffered as prisoners of war. Every town or hamlet or even great city in the United States will, in time, since the censorship has been removed, discover its part in the Great War. Some strange French name will fall lightly from American lips in these towns, and become a household word for generations to come. Tourists from these towns will seek their ways to certain *bois* or *Massifs*, or even farms or roads or tiny French villages and carry back to their home town, for exhibition in their homes or libraries or town halls, "souvenirs" of these remote French spots, whose fortunes have become entangled with those of the folk back in these American neighborhoods

New England, as we look behind the censorship, will be entitled to many battle-flags. The names of St. Hilaire, of the Bois de Wavrille, and the village of Torcy, taken during the crossing of the Marne, belong on the flags of the Twenty-Sixth Division. These names and the date, September 18th, will hereafter fall lovingly from American lips in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. Also the sacred name of Verdun will be heard for many years in the armories and at the banquet boards of the National Guard of these states, for at the end of the war the Twenty-Sixth found itself a short distance north of that famed town.

Pennsylvania, with its "Iron Twenty-Eighth Division" may boast great battle-flags. The crossing of

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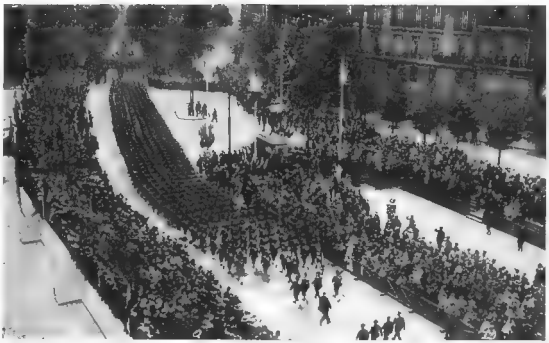

American troops in Paris on last Fourth of July, immediately after the ceremonies incident to the naming of the "Avenue du Président Wilson"

An American battery as it moved forward in August from its training quarters to the front, passing through the peaceful country of France

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American soldiers getting their first general view of Paris —from the "Pavillon de Bellevue" near St. Cloud

American soldiers in raincoats and masks as they moved forward late last summer to join the French in the front-line trenches

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the River Vesle, the battle on the Ourcq, Rheims, Soissons, and the terrific battle on August 6th and 7th, by which the Twenty-Eighth took the Rheims-Soissons road, the battle of August 10th at Fismes, during which the Pennsylvania boys stood up against the machine-gun fire from three sides, are all stories which belong to Pennsylvania.

The end of the war found the Twenty-Eighth Division with the Seventh in the heart of the St. Mihiel district on tip-toe for a tremendous drive toward Metz, for which extensive and elaborate plans had been made. Every man was ready to do or die and had the war continued a few days longer, Metz might have become a household word in the homes of Pennsylvania.

OUT in the Middle West, Michigan and Wisconsin may boast that their Thirty-Second Division was at the front and on the alert at the end of the war. They, too, were northwest of Verdun. On the Michigan and Wisconsin battle-flags may be emblazoned the terrible bayonet battle of Cierges, and the combat in Grimpettes Woods, where, amid the trees, fighting with bayonets, the boys from the towns, fields, and woods of Michigan and Wisconsin turned back the desperate counter-attacks of Germany and seized material and equipment worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

The folk of the District of Columbia and of New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia, and Maryland may speak knowingly hereafter of the Bois of the Grand Montaigne and of the Meuse, for on October 17th their Twenty-Ninth Division advanced on these places and captured them and one week later they put the names of the Bois d'Etrayes and Hill 361 into the vocabulary of these Eastern folk.

St. Quentin is a name that will fall often hereafter in the soft Southern accents of the folk of Tennessee and North and South Carolina, for there, on September 30th, fighting like demons, their Thirtieth Division took 1,410 prisoners, including 210 officers, and eight days later, in two days' fighting, some of their brigades captured 1,500 more prisoners and 4 great guns. The Selle River, too, will go down in Tennessee and North and South Carolina history, for on the evening of October the 9th, after a hard day's fight, the Sixtieth Brigade of the Thirtieth Division captured 50 officers, 1,800 men and 32 guns. Such are a few of the glorious facts that stand out with the going of the censorship. Vastly more remain to be dug out.

One of the secrets of censorship had to do with our colored troops of the Ninety-Second Division. It must go down in their history that they didn't get all the fighting they wanted in the Great War and that they took the bit in their teeth on the last two days and started out with their officers to hunt for a scrap. For a month they had been within sight of the Promised Land; two kilometers distant from the enemy's borders. The approach of the armistice roused them to action. On the afternoon of November 10th the colored boys of the Ninety-Second Division pushed ahead to the Bois de Frehaut and captured 710 astonished Germans.

There is a mass of fact exposed, of course, by the removal of censorship, but as I have been able to delve behind the scenes since the war ended, I find that there is little reason for the opinion among the folk back here at home that when Bill wrote home and gave his address as "Somewhere in France" he really had any very great secrets that he could have told. About the only secret in his whole letter was that vague address of his.

The chief secrets in any army, from the civilian point of view, have to do with executions. Execution is a subject taboo. It is a terrible subject. In the Austrian, the German, and the Russian armies I found "Execution" a word of horror. In Germany, one didn't mention it; in Austria, where the army was held in the spell of fear, officers have boasted to me of executions. In mutinous Czechoslovak regiments the Austrians counted off every twelfth man and stood him up in somber ceremony and shot him. In Russia, men in delinquent regiments were told off in the same numerical order, sometimes every fifth man, sometimes every tenth or perhaps every twentieth, depending upon the regiment's degree of delinquency, and were shot down by their fellows in the presence of the regiment. Indeed, the horror of execution in Russia was so great that the first demand of the Revolutionary regiments was that execution be abolished. This was the famous *Order No. 1.*

It illustrated this dread fact: In an army governed by autocrats a soldier must be kept in a death sandwich—before him is held up probable death, with glory; behind him is held up certain death, with ignominy. When he goes forward in a battle he is merely following the line of least resistance.

But in the armies of free peoples it is otherwise; men fight for great ideals. This was so true in the American Army that I have heard Secretary Baker say since the war ended that not one single execution of the few in the American Army was for purely military offenses. This means that there were no executions for cowardice, for mutiny, or for treachery or spying. Executions which did take place were for offenses that were civil crimes, enhanced, perhaps, by military exigencies, but that would have been punished severely in civilian life.

THERE have been desertions in the American Army, it is true, and the censorship has partly hidden them from us up to now. They were desertions, not from the front, but to the front, and as the end of the war came into view, and the chances for seeing a fight faded in the hopes of the men far behind the lines, these desertions increased. The captain of one company, a week before the war ended, found that he had too many mouths to feed, by twelve. Roll-calls in such instances indicate who is absent, but it is difficult sometimes to ascertain by roll-call all those who are present. It required close investigation by this captain to establish the fact that almost every patrol or combat party which he sent out at night was accompanied by several, if not all, the twelve "volunteer deserters" who had, unbidden, joined his ranks. These men were court-martialled and punished by being sent back to the rear lines from which they had come. It is not disclosed up to this time on the books of the American Army that any deserters to the front met with extreme punishment.

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The boys who wrote home had few secrets to tell about spies. At this writing not all the data of the Intelligence Department of the American Expeditionary Force is at hand. Nevertheless, it may be said that the American Army had little experience with real dyed-in-the-wool spies. We came into the war too late for that. In the early days of the war spies were found in the Foreign Legion of France and the Germans used to send soldier-spies dressed as civilians into the enemy lines to discover positions of artillery and ammunition dumps. But such spy-work passed out with the second year of the war. The unfailing lens of the camera, the improvement of the airplane, and the increased experience of the airplane observers, put the front-line spies out of existence. There was room in the American Army, with all its minglings of blood and its shadowy nationalities, for spy scares. But it stands on American records to-day, so far as they are available, that not one single American soldier of German, Austrian, or any other blood, was convicted of spying for the enemy.

The Military Intelligence Department on this side of the water at the end of the war, though its work had been highly efficient and in the hands of extremely capable men, had little of the sensational to disclose in the way of war-time information that might have been usefully hidden by the censorship. Publication, of course, of their activities, would have interfered with current investigations and would have put suspects on their guard, but if all the records of the Army Intelligence Department were set forth in book form, there wouldn't be enough of the sensational in them to make a good detective or mystery story.

"What is the cleverest scheme you came across in the Intelligence Department?" I asked an officer, who stood high in this branch of the service, and who is a writer.

"The only really clever, illegal thing that came to my attention was a trick that two arrested soldiers played in one of our camps. They whittled captain's bars out of pieces of wood and covered them with tinfoil from cigarette packages. They fastened these to their shoulders and after bribing two other soldiers to buy them leather puttees which replaced their leggings, they walked out of camp, looking like two captains and no one dared to stop them. We got them at last, but as I said, their trick was the only really clever one that would fit into a war-time mystery story. I didn't find that truth was stranger than fiction in the Intelligence Department. Any good writer can lock himself into a hotel room and write more clever schemes into a fiction story than our whole Army Intelligence Department uncovered here in the United States."

There was undoubtedly tremendous activity on the part of the various Intelligence Departments in the United States. More of us have been trailed and inspected and dictographed than we ourselves suspect. It is estimated that some thousands of detectives have been thrown out of positions in the United States

American troops swinging into a London dock on the first stage of their way to the front

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since the war was ended. Their activity was greatest in the large cities, of course. Their financial resources were unlimited and no pains were spared to investigate thoroughly every rumor, suspicion, or accusation. But this has all been done in a decent, American way and the censorship has hidden little that would have been of interest. When arrests have been made, the full details have been given to the press; in cases where arrests were not made, or where suspicions and accusations were found to have been unbased, silence, of course, has been preserved.

Intelligence Departments were greatly assisted by the general public. In America, we all, as citizens, took it upon ourselves to see that our immediate neighborhoods were clear of suspects. The result, of course, was some injustice here and there and one of the chief tasks of the various Intelligence Departments was to remove unjust suspicion from persons who had been wrongfully suspected by their neighbors.

With post office, telephones, telegraph, and other means of communication at their service and with the right to use these in any manner they chose, the Intelligence Department men dealt with the records and lives of many thousands of citizens, and the fact that the great burden of their work consisted of clearing these Americans from suspicion, rather than throwing them into jail, indicates how conscientiously their work was done.

Now, with the censorship removed, it is permissible to say that the Intelligence Department of the American Army and, to a certain extent, the American Navy, was managed and conducted by writing men. Magazine writers, book writers, play writers, humorists, newspaper men, and even poets, carried on the work.

"I made more friends among strange people as an Intelligence Department man in New York," one of these writer-detectives told me, "than I knew existed in the world. I had a lot of dictograph work to do. There is one hotel man in New York who, when I requested permission to establish a dictograph in the wall of a certain room, said to me: 'Go as far as you like; stick a dictograph in every room if you want to; tear down the walls in every room for all I care. If that is my bit in winning the war, I'll put the dictographs in at my own expense.'"

THIS writer, too, felt that the censorship had not hid much of value or of interest from public gaze. "The greatest mystery that I had," he told me, "was of a certain man who used to make two telephone calls every evening about six o'clock. I went over the record of telephone calls in his hotel. First he would call up some number on Riverside Drive; then he would call up a number on Broadway. The Broadway number was always the same, but the Riverside number was usually different. I ran down the numbers and found that he was a perfectly decent New York society man. His first call was always to some young lady, asking her to run out to dinner with him and his second call was to the head waiter of a Broadway restaurant, reserving a table. His case was the greatest mystery of my experience and in the end he proved all right."

Plans for future campaigns are the most precious secrets that the censorship controls. And yet when the war ended these plans became as useless as shells or rifles. More than one soldier boy, in writing home, has known that, on an unknown zero day, at an unknown zero hour, his company or division would attack the enemy, but the exact information was so highly important that it was prevented from reaching, not only the private soldier, but the officers themselves. It was only at the last minute before a drive that the troops were permitted to know when the movement would actually take place. In view of this tremendous secrecy during war-time, one's ears, in Washington, have not become accustomed even yet to the information which is bandied about as to what we were on the edge of doing in France at the time that the Germans surrendered.

ONE is able to ask of Army officials in Washington these days questions which would have been considered highly impertinent and even suspicion-provoking while the war was on, and one is able, in return, to get very enlightening information. It is information which, perhaps, caused Germany to break down.

"Why, in the last months of the war we didn't carry out even 10 per cent. of the drives we had planned against the Germans," said an Army representative recently. "We had a string of drives 900 per cent. longer than those we carried out before the Germans quit. We had drives arranged for every part of the Army. We had drives arranged for all kinds of weather. Our drives would have gone on through the entire winter—rain, snow, or shine. And our engineers were prepared to build roads that would have made transportation possible in the muddiest part of Flanders."

These winter drives were all on paper and would have been carried out. They would have exceeded in violence almost any of the previous Western Front campaigns, except, perhaps, the first and second battles of the Ypres and the great battle of Verdun.

And then on top of this series of winter drives we would have had next spring—and it was already, on paper, almost to the smallest detail—an offensive that would have cost us ten times, yes, perhaps twenty times, as many lives as we actually lost, but which would have ground the German army into bleeding meat. This great spring drive of 1919, which, although unexecuted, will go down in the literature of the war as the supreme plan of Twentieth Century warfare, was actually based upon this astonishing fact:

We would have had more men in France in the spring of 1919 ready for this great drive than the combined armies of France and Great Britain.

There was a stage in our war-time preparation when, mathematically, the German leaders might have sat down at their desks and figured out to their own personal satisfaction that Germany was whipped. Any commission of German military men escorted over the United States, as were the commissions of our Allies in the fall of 1918, beholding the state of our preparations, would have reported back to the German Government: "There is no use of our continuing the war. Mathematically we are whipped. It all lies in the

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A real picture of an attack in the Somme region—American troops advancing in open formation and supported by French tanks

future, but the only way in which to escape is to ask for peace."

What we needed, in other words, in this country in the summer of 1918 was not fewer German spies, but more German spies.

And now that the censorship has been removed it is safe to say that we *did* have more German spies; and that they were not prevented, so long as they did not come into dangerous proximity with our piers and our ammunition plants, from moving about with considerable freedom. And to their astonishment, undoubtedly more than one of them actually received passports and was permitted to board a liner for Christiania or Copenhagen and thus return to Germany with his overwhelming story of what America was getting ready to do.

In all these once-censored plans there are buried vast amounts of information as to mechanical and other achievements hitherto unheard of.

The preparations which were under way—which indeed had been completed at the end of the war—for the bombing of the Kiel Canal and of Heligoland—are astounding in their vastness. They involve the use of shallow boats, hundreds of them, with a draft of only eighteen inches. On these boats, some of which with their flat, smooth decks were as large as small flying fields, and which would have skimmed the mine-fields, and not set off a single mine, airplanes were to have been placed—three hundred of them, veritable giants, moving over the Allies' own mine-fields in the North Sea and being thus protected from German attack, would have been carried to Heligoland. This plan of carrying airplanes on shallow boats was to prevent the use of gasolene by airplanes until they were actually engaged in bombing operations. Each one of these great planes, carrying a ton and a half of TNT, with full supplies of gasolene, would have been able to hover over Heligoland for hours, until its last pound of TNT had hit the mark and then it would have soared back to its flat-bottomed boat, if its gasolene supply had been exhausted, or have flown back to the English coast if it had sufficient fuel remaining in its tank.

A similar plan for devastating the Kiel Canal had been worked out and if the war had gone on a month longer, the island of Heligoland might have been standing to-day only a bleak rock, shorn of every vestige of human habitation or enterprise and the German navy might have been lying a vast mass of torn steel on the bottom of the Kiel Canal.

The censorship, as one reviews it, has done little more than hide from us and from the enemy the details of what we were going to do; or, rather, the details of how we were going to do it.

Most of it has now been done. What we still had up our sleeve to do is no longer a secret.

Even now the historians are gathering together the chronology of the war; things that will torture small boys and girls in school a hundred, five hundred years, from now.

The censor's blue pencil has dropped.

Now for history-making.

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The Spirit of Washington

By Kathleen Norris

Author of "Mother," "Julia Page," "Josselyn's Wife," etc

Decorations by W. T. Benda

IS IT only our boys in the training camps, and our girls in hospitals and factories, who have been learning things in the Great War, and who look at the changed world, in these first bewildering days of peace, with changed eyes? Which one of us is not a different man or a different woman from the man and woman

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of 1914? Which one of us has not a wider viewpoint, and a truer appreciation of the things that really make life worth while?

I am thinking about my own changed viewpoint, here in the peaceful Capital, where the bells have hardly stopped ringing since November eleventh—our new Fourth of July. I am remembering with wonder and with pain the days we spent here a few months ago, those terrible days in March, when the boys were screaming the news that the Huns were pressing upon Paris, and that guns were shelling the exquisite French city, when men and women looked solemnly at each other, in the quiet streets, and when a wounded young Frenchman only said to me gravely, over and over, "France is so tired—France is so tired!"

We happened to go to Mount Vernon one of those days, and I remember that in that atmosphere, where the stately spirit of Washington still seems to linger, we leaned over the records of old battles, and that we wondered, heartsick, whether it was all for nothing, whether the great ideal of Washington was to be lost after all, whether an iron-bound autocracy really might raise a nation of greater soldiers than we, with our free speech, and free press, our free religion and free thought, would find ourselves to be. I remember that it was there that I suddenly got patriotism, as our forefathers used to "get religion," in one glorious burst, and that it suddenly seemed to me that we, as a great nation, as the greatest of the nations, must answer Washington, "To the last man—and the last woman—and the last child, we believe in the great ideal that was born here, under this simple, quiet roof, and whatever the fate of this war—and the next—and the next—we will fight for love of the country you gave us!"

For that, after all, is the astonishing lesson of the last two years. It is love, not hate, that runs through Washington's letters—love of right, and justice, and of the new ideal, and it is love, not hate, that took one hundred million Americans into this war. Hate destroys, love constructs. Hate is blind, love sees. And it was our love that trained and equipped our men, that knitted and cooked and nursed for them, that over-subscribed every one of the colossal loans, that gave more than the maximum sum to every drive of every war organization; it was love that made us forego beef and sugar and flour, and love that inspired our great magazines and our humblest village weeklies to take up the fight, and love that hung the flag and the service stars in country cottages and in the great homes of the great cities.

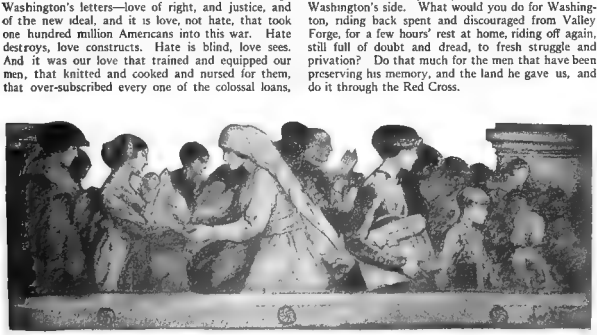
The work of the Red Cross is all a work of love; it is needed now more than ever when the full, terrible sum of the war's cost is being estimated in deaths and wounds and suffering and maiming, in blindness and lameness and weakness of every sort, in bitter loss and need here, in endless canteen and hospital service over there. Let us end the great war, as we began it, in generosity and love to the men that have spared us what England and France and Italy have endured for years. The organization of the Red Cross is perfect; there is no soldier outside their reach, there is no cross-roads village too small for them to find with help.

We might have had five years of war, instead of less than two.

What might those years have cost you? What places might have been empty at your Easter table?

Every one of our men is as great as his Cause, whether he came back untouched, whether he gave his life, or whether it was his difficult part to give more than his life—to live maimed and dependent through the long years ahead. If you could stand under the filmy new green at Mount Vernon, above the sleepy Potomac, if you could read the record written there, clearer than any words, of what Washington was, of the dignified country gentleman, with everything to lose and nothing personally to gain for that Cause, you would realize that it is the greatest that the world ever knew. The freedom and the rights of men's souls, those are a nobler quest than was the Grail itself.

It is our sacred privilege to declare ourselves on Washington's side. What would you do for Washington, riding back spent and discouraged from Valley Forge, for a few hours' rest at home, riding off again, still full of doubt and dread, to fresh struggle and privation? Do that much for the men that have been preserving his memory, and the land he gave us, and do it through the Red Cross.



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Sergeant R. W. Bottrell, 145th Squadron, immediately after a parachute jump from an airplane, 4,800 feet over Kelly Field

Pioneers of the Air Lanes

By Earl N. Findley

(Captain, Air Service, U. S. A.)

Here is news from the air. Many of these facts have never been published. They will thrill your imagination. Even the pictures are new No such photographs have been given out before and they appear here by special permission

DID you ever listen on some still October evening for the honk of the wild goose overhead? And hear it, or think you did? But you seldom saw him. Neither do you see the airmen overhead to-day Yet they are there making hundreds of miles in ships of the air over all the Atlantic States, the Middle West, South and Southwestern parts of the country. We don't see them. Sometimes we hear them. A year or more ago these men had no more idea of flying than they have now of voting for the Kaiser for President on the Hereditary platform. They were bond brokers, architects, lawyers, farmers, sons of railroad presidents, sons of policemen, college and university students; in short, they were our friends.

In San Francisco, during the spring of 1917, a salesman was going the rounds of prospective customers obtaining as many orders as he could for his employer's goods It did not occur to him that in the autumn he would be in the Air Service of the United States Army; and be the first man to fall out of the sky into the Everglades of Florida. But he was, as will be told.

A little more than a year ago there was a police commissioner in New York City of the name of Arthur Woods. Sitting at his desk at headquarters the thought of an airplane probably never entered his mind; certainly he did not dream of flying on inspection trips to the Army fields of the Southwest and much less of

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Three airplanes of a formation flight above the early morning clouds. The picture shows also the range of vision an observer has from a plane at 4,000 feet elevation

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flying as a Colonel on a trip of observation over the German lines in northern France. Yet he has done all these things.

In March, 1918, Colonel Franklin R. Kenney, the Executive Officer of the Division of Military Aeronautics, was in France with Pershing when ordered back to this country to effect the new organization of the Air Service. Few staff officers have his number of hours in the air. And Major Gen. William L. Kenly, the Director of Military Aëronautics, thinks no more of an air trip on Army business than a spin in his automobile.

Some 17,000 cadets all told have gone through the Army flying school since the war began. Many are still in France, some in England; hundreds sweep the sky of the U. S. A., even when there is a war no more. Never was the progress of an art or a science so rudely accelerated, nor transportation so completely turned upside down. Fifteen years ago, on December 17, 1903, the first flight in the history of mankind was made by Orville Wright at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. A few weeks ago a junior lieutenant of the name of John E. Davis climbed into an airplane at Ellington Field, Texas. Nine days later he was back again, and he had been 4,000 miles, including several stops over night and for meals. This pilot flew alone. He did not take a mechanician to cheer or crank him on his way. He flew by compass. There was no music, no excitement, no poetic outbursts by the press. A few birds high in the air, a few cows in the more secluded regions where he landed for gas, were temporarily more or less excited by his passing. A few people caught their first glimpse of a flying machine when he came to earth to rest. But most of the time he was up too high for notice. He traveled approximately 1,000 miles farther than the distance between New York and San Francisco. He avoided some storms, weathered others. He made the trip with one machine, using one motor, in a total flying time of sixty-two hours. But little curiosity was aroused as to who he was or where he came from. The public mind had become calloused about these airmen, as by many other things in the war.

Major General William L. Kenly, Director of the Division of Military Aëronautics

Nevertheless thousands of airmen among us not only talk about air routes and air lanes, but ride them oftener than trains. To these men Dayton and Washington are less than four hours apart; Texas and Tennessee, six. Time tables no longer annoy them. They read the compass, altimeter, and map. They speak of taking their morning "jazz" with less self-consciousness than they used to refer to their preference for a cold plunge—a jazz being a flight with no definite object beyond following for an hour or two a certain course, doing all the wild things that a short time ago would have resulted in the editorial opinion that the aviator had "died as the fool dieth."

Birds in their migration north and south have certain well-defined lanes of travel, due, naturalists tell us, to meteorological conditions in the upper air and partly to homing instincts. Not for the same reasons, perhaps, but for one of them at least, airmen stick to certain air lanes. They have no use for storms. Pilots coming north from Texas do not take a long diagonal toward the Atlantic but swing toward the east only until they strike the Mississippi Valley, when they head north again and follow the air currents over that river to the junction of the Ohio and again strike east. Three planes that recently dropped in on the Nation's capital from Houston, Texas, came by way of Dayton, Ohio. Pilots flying West from New York prefer to follow the river valleys. From southern California into Texas there are also regular air routes by which to cross the mountains. And each air lane has its pioneer, as had the trails over which our hardy ancestors, daring the unknown dangers of mountain passes and treeless plains, went in ox carts and on horseback to settle the West

It was while searching for a new route over the Everglades in Florida that two airmen of the Army had an adventure which reads like the boyhood yarns of Harry Castlemon, built over with a new text,—a storm, engine trouble, forced landing at night, and all that sort of thing; hunting a dry landing spot where there was none; looking for a clearing in a thick mat of tall timbers. One of these airmen was named Smith and the other O'Connor. Smith and O'Connor, just like a grocery sign up Main Street. There is a democracy in the air as on land. Smith and O'Connor were trying to photograph landmarks for a new air route over the

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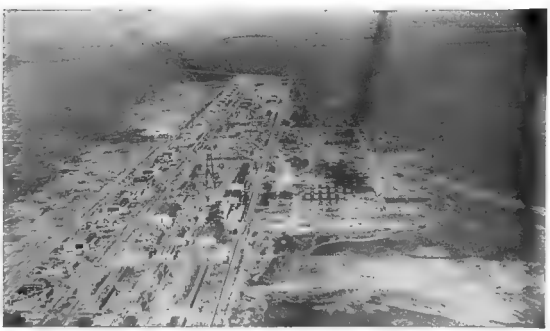
How San Antonio, Texas, looks to an observer in an airplane drwing clear of the lower layer of clouds



A photograph of Gerstner Field, Lake Charles, Louisiana, immediately after the most severe hurricane of recent years. It was over this field that ex-Mayor John Purroy Mitchel, of New York, met his death

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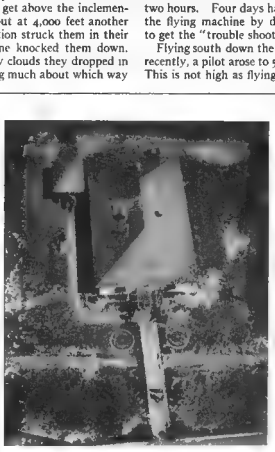
great swamp whose interior has never been explored successfully from the days of Ponce de Leon to now. The storm hit them when they were over the middle of Big Cypress. They tried to get above the inclemencies of the sky by climbing, but at 4,000 feet another storm from the opposite direction struck them in their trackless solitude and this time knocked them down. Through vast, wet, melancholy clouds they dropped in an empty sky, without knowing much about which way they were going and they broke into clear air over what must have seemed a flat Paradise, only 300 feet above the tree tops.

The pilot swung to the east searching for the thinnest and briefest of the tall timbers along the coast. Then he came down. There were no dry spots to land on, and the ship turned over on its back The pilot was unhurt, his passenger suffered a cut lip and a few bruises on both shins, nothing more, and they started to wade through the Everglades. Only a little while ago the air had been invigorating and elastic, and they had been winging their flight through space like the eagles. Now they were mired in clay. For a day and a half they floundered through muck and water and, although near exhaustion from lack of food and drink, the monotony of the scene bothered them more than anything that had occurred. They dragged their way from one small cypress hummock to another, pestered by innumerable mosquitoes, alligators, black snakes, and water moccasins, and finally stumbling upon a camp of Seminole Indians, they obtained food by making signs just as our weary forefathers did when urging oxen toward the setting sun. After more palavering the Indians furnished a crude canoe fashioned from a large cypress trunk. This is known as a glade boat and is propelled by a long pole. Slow as it was, the Seminoles took the aviator and his companion through a maze of waterways back to civilization. It required four days to retrace their steps with help and spare parts. The ship was raised. A "trouble shooter" was despatched to the scene, because the engine, which had been submerged for so many days, would not turn over, and three days more were consumed by the Seminoles in delivering this engine doctor. Then the engine was started—these "trouble shooters" start anything but trouble—a successful take-off was made, and, with a roar that startled the aborigines, the waterlogged plane took the air again, circled above the amazed Indians and landed at Miami in less than two hours. Four days had been consumed in reaching the flying machine by dugout and guides; four more to get the "trouble shooter."



Bird's-eye view showing photographic hut at Eberts Field, Lonoke, Ark.—and illustrating the sharp detail of an air photograph

Flying south down the air lane over the Mississippi recently, a pilot arose to 5,000 feet to get above a storm. This is not high as flying goes, but there was no break in the clouds below, no bright spot through which he might dive headlong in search of a landing field and dinner With the sixth sense of a stage driver plodding along in a storm at night who seems to feel where he is when he can't see, this pilot figured that he should be above Little Rock, Ark., and, as he wanted to check his course, he dived sharply down into the angry weather breeders. No sooner had he done so than, at a thousand feet lower altitude, immersed in impenetrable vapors, his ship suddenly became a chip of the air, buffeted by every wind that blew. The pilot tried this and that control; there was no sympathetic reflex action. He "gave her the gun"—speeded up the engine—but the altimeter told him instantly that he was falling fast. There was nothing to do but wait. There may be something more difficult to do than do nothing but wait.

This pilot was forced to wait. He left the controls to their own devices and peered into space for the first glimpse of scenery that had a homelike quality. When he caught it he was 300 feet from a crash, yet he leveled out and made a happy landing.

Such incidents illustrate the tension present at times in this new mode of travel. They give some idea of the training our airmen have received to meet emergencies. Like summer seas in a mariner's life, smooth sailing to fliers becomes monotonous. It is nothing in his young life if a pilot from Hazelhurst Field, Long Island, receives orders by wireless to deliver a trunk by airplane to Headquarters, Division of Military Aeronautics, in Washington. To Air Service men there isn't the slightest doubt that he will get there. All that these men ask is: What type plane did he fly? What engine? How long did it take to make the trip?

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Planes emerging from the clouds at about eight o'clock in the morning

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The airplane has proved its success as a carrier of mail. Down in the Southwest, where most of the Army's flying fields were laid out, airplanes are used daily for all-round utility business. Supplies and provisions are carried from posts to outlying camps. Paymasters use them to catch detachments of troops which should be paid off. Baseball nines and football teams representing the various fields are carried miles across country to play the season's matches. Not long ago there was an urgent call for a band needed on some special ceremony at a distant post, and the commanding officer called upon to furnish the music hustled the musicians into a squadron of planes and had them there and back to his post again in time for retreat parade. There is hardly a field that hasn't its airplane ambulance—three or four ambulances, for that matter. These carry the patient on a stretcher fitted in the fuselage, where he rides as easily as though in the latest thing on rubber tires from the coach maker. The plane ambulance can give the ordinary sort an hour's start and beat it across country by miles.

A recent report from a Texas field tells of a pilot flying from the practice camp of the 190th Squadron at Port Lavaca, 125 miles to the Wing Headquarters, and carrying as a prisoner a watchman who had fallen asleep on duty. Upon his return trip from headquarters to the camp, he carried $2,500 in pay vouchers, 100 pounds of bread and spare parts of airplanes, consisting of 4 wheels, landing gear, and struts. In addition to this load, he tucked in a large bundle of papers and magazines and a pouchful of mail.

On another occasion an airplane in the Southwest carrying $1,500 in pay money was sent out to intercept the manœuvrer's truck train of the 191st Squadron en route for Kingsville, 225 miles distant from the Wing Camp. The trucks were located 80 miles away and the men paid off.

The flight of two airmen from a field in Texas to Indiana tells the story of the every-day routine work of this pony express of the sky. Lieut. M. A. Sharpe, the pilot, chose Indiana for a Liberty Loan flight because he was a Hoosier himself, and felt the call of his home state—showing that human nature doesn't change even if modes of satisfying its cravings do. Sharpe carried a mechanician with him. Leaving New Boston, Tex., he headed for Texarkana, intending to pick up the Iron Mountain Railroad there. But when he circled over this Texas metropolis to get his bearings he picked out the wrong pair of tracks and twenty minutes later he and his "trouble shooter" were over a solid forest, and for one hour and a half they were unable to locate a place on which to land.

The motor was gasping for gas and missing with formidable regularity. In the distance they saw the foothills of the Ozark Mountains. But again the motor missed. They had to find a landing place—quickly. Any small field would do. And that was what finally etched itself upon the map below, a field almost too small to get into from a spiral. But it was necessary to hit the patch of landscape, somehow. They made a side slip to do it, which means that they went into a steep bank and at the proper moment dropped sideways. The engine stopped; then came to life just as the right wing skid hooked into the ground, but the power that the engine recovered in the nick of time saved them from a crash. They landed—on a side hill, not gracefully, but safely.

With rocks they blocked the plane from rolling back down hill with them, and then they repaired their engine and luckily got some gasolene. Having got into the tight little clearing, the next move was to get out again, and at first glance it looked as though they had reached the end of their Indiana trail. With the aid of four natives, however, the airmen dragged the plane to the top of the hill. They climbed in, the four natives held the plane—four men who are still talking of their experience—the motor was put full on, the plane rushed down the hill, took the air at the bottom and climbed over the nearest trees. The Arkansas quartette, chin whiskers and all, was left standing in the little field, heads tilted back, open-mouthed.

In two hours it would be dark. Not a town was seen during the next hour and three quarters, but a few minutes before dusk a landing was sighted two miles from a town and the pilot landed. Between the landing field and the village lay a forest of pine. A farmer was approached by the pilot. It was the old story of "Get a horse." This time it was not for the purpose of propelling the vehicle, but merely to obtain gas and a guard. The farmer responded with alacrity, not only lending a horse, but the best one he owned. There was only a foot-path through the forest, but the horse knew the way, and trotted along at such a brisk pace that the pilot, accustomed to smooth, pathless skies, was bounced about and rendered more uncomfortable in ten minutes than he had been during hours of flying. When he finally slid off the horse at the village store they told him that the name of the town was Delight, and the state was Arkansas. The flyer looked up the mayor and asked for a guard for the airplane. "Sure," said that gentleman, "just bring the thing down town here, and the night watchman can watch it on his regular beat." It was necessary to explain to him that the "thing" was as fussy as a movie star and would insist rather that the guard pay his respects to her. The guard being posted at last, the pastor of the church asked that the visitors talk to the congregation, an invitation declined on the ground that food and sleep were the first law of those who would fly to schedule.

All of the population that could squeeze into the town hotel's lamp-lighted corridors watched the airmen as they dined. Although by eight o'clock that night the hamlet was dead to the world, yet at six the next morning when the visitors flew away, the road to the plane was lined with wagons, horses, and Fords.

The whole world asks: What is the future of these air men?

What will become of the thousands of pupils who have acquired a desire for the upper air, whose delight is to fly? Will any of the flying fields be marked "To Let"? The equipment and instructors—what will happen to them? Shall we have Government control of aviation? Will it be possible for the young travelers of the air to settle down as bookkeepers and conquer the trial balances of a world at peace?

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Belgium Triumphant

Four Allegorical Paintings by Edward A. Wilson

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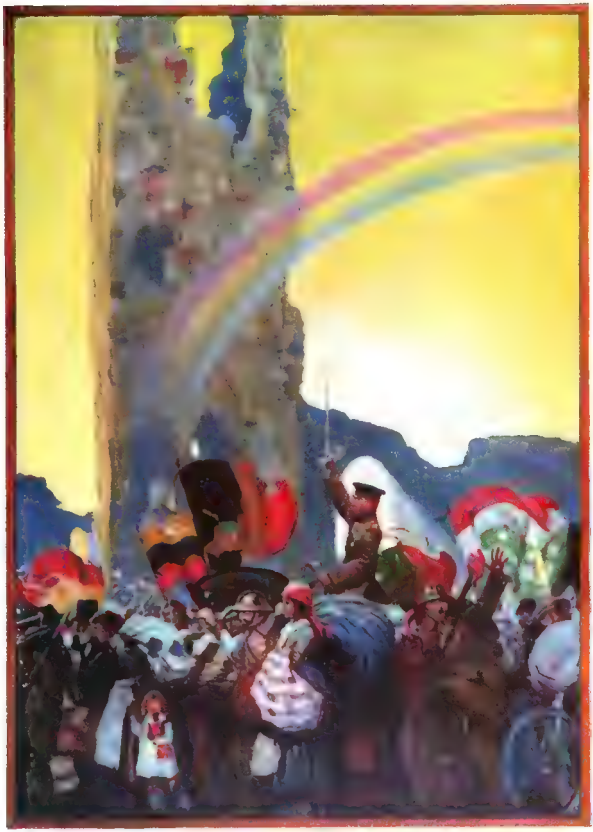

AFTER THE STORM OF WAR – KING ALBERT
THE FLAGS SHOWN HERE ARE THOSE

Go gle

AND HIS PEOPLE RETURNING TO THEIR HOMELAND
OF THE NINE PROVINCES OF BELGIUM

REUNITED

As the Belgians advanced, the soldier passed through his native village, saw his child left behind as a baby, and embraced his heroic wife who single-handed had kept the home together for four years

Go gle

"Chow"

What our boys get to eat in France and what they think of it

By Emily Frances Robbins

Illustrations by S. J. Woolf

"WE CALL it chow when we are talking with other people, but when we are talking among ourselves we call it—well, most everything."

The droll young private who made this remark was one of a ring of boys in bathrobes and pajamas who had eagerly gathered in a corner of their hospital ward for communion with the tins of commissary candy that I had brought.

"What we get up at the front we call slum," another soldier offered. "Slum? That's the kitchen mixed up, everything that's left over—potatoes, tomatoes, monkey meat—slumgullion stew."

The talk went on, each one of the group putting in a few words—while each was bravely endeavoring to show as much restraint as possible at the rare feast which even the simple sticks of army candy represented to their sugar-famished appetites. Out of what they said I tried to piece together some kind of a true picture of the soldier's chow from his own point of view, and to observe to what extent he is aware of the scientific effort that has been put into its selection. It was strongly apparent that what the soldier knows about chow, and what the quartermaster and medical departments that feed him know about the same subject, present widely variant aspects; also, that what the soldier may lack in scientific information, he makes up for in qualities of the picturesque.

When you hear the soldier's side of the story, his mess in camp and on the line consists of "canned-willy" (canned corned beef or "bully beef") and "monkey meat" (canned beef-and-potato hash); of "bread pudding with whiskers," which he explains may be shreds from the gunnysack; of two kinds of butter—"salve and axle grease"; and of prunes—"*beaucoup prunes*"! While all the time, in spite of the fantastic accounts he is giving, the very good humor which he displays conveys its own eloquent story of his long good feeding.

He admits that occasionally he has had something appetizing. Usually it is a star experience that stands out in his food consciousness as, for instance, that time they "hopped over" at seven-thirty, and when they got back at night, after a whole day in No Man's Land, the sergeant greeted them with a special effort, extra-fine. There was macaroni (he lingers over it appreciatively) and peas—"gee, that was some supper!"

But mostly his accounts are of some such incident as the time when, instead of the usual "corned willy" or "monkey meat," he was promised a nice hash of "fresh" beef. He tells you of how, alas, as they formed in mess line, they smelled it from afar, and when their portions were handed to them in their kits, they put them on the ground, attached pieces of wire, and dragged them to the refuse pile; of how the sergeant became infuriated and got back at them by serving the same thing again for supper; but they, "getting wind" of his intention, organized a defensive, and when the hash was served, quickly donned their masks and spread the cry of "Gas, gas!" For weeks after that, the account runs, the actual alarms for gas were announced as "Hash, hash!"

When you get the story of chow from the quartermaster and medical departments, however, you hardly recognize it. Here is involved the stupendous feat of transporting 5,000 items of supply, to more than 2,000,000 soldiers, 4,000 miles from their base!

The distribution of food after it arrives at a port in France, the problem of getting to a specific group of soldiers what they want when they want it, is a story of almost unimaginable proportions. In the quartermaster's office, a statistical branch acts as a scientific eye that penetrates into the holds of ships, on to far-away docks, into supply depots, seeing what is where, and how it can be quickly transported from one place to another and meet the requirements of rapid movements and concentrations of troops.

American gardens in France furnish another big chapter in the chow story of the quartermaster. The tale of bread, alone, is a vast romance. Some of the American bakeries in France, among the largest in the world, are capable, with a force of only 300 men, of turning out over 1,000,000 pounds of bread a day. The meat story, too, has its magnificent aspects—all isolated and individual hash experiences to the contrary! Sufficient shiploads of refrigerated fresh meat, and sufficient tonnage in canned beef, are got across a submarine-infested ocean to meet the full protein and muscle-building requirements in the whole army ration—a task that represents one of the most brilliant feats in the history of transportation and organization. The weary soldier does not recognize [illegible] great scientific attainment, ho[illegible] his time-old friend, all too [illegible] and his monkey meat!

The medical departmen[illegible] to add to the story of chow [illegible] is given the soldier does [illegible] glomeration of meat, wh[illegible] appear to. On the c[illegible] fully worked out foo[illegible] or food units—for [illegible] than he actually n[illegible]

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Some of the American bakeries in France turn out a million pounds of bread a day

Of this total, about 17 per cent. is protein, or muscle-building food, such as meat; about 19 per cent. is fat, and 64 per cent. is carbohydrate, or starches and sweets, which, with the fat, furnishes him with fuel for heat and energy. The acid or alkali character of the different foods is also considered, and still other requirements of a scientific diet fulfilled. Thus the most supreme effort is made to meet, to the best of human intelligence, the full needs of the soldier's best health and physical vigor, and to promote as far as possible his mental content and high morale.

In the trenches added stimulant was given the soldier in the form of extra coffee, and additional fuel for heat and energy by extra sweets In this connection candy was added to the regular trench ration. Not only is candy-eating a universal American habit not [illegible] broken with- [illegible] the

'hile in his unfailing good humor, he d it with the classical name of 'slum'

and is therefore inimical to the health and strength of the fighting man.

In periods of great military activity, the company kitchen, with its stove and smoke that attracted the fire of the enemy, could not follow closely, and it became necessary to have ready-cooked food carried in cans to the boys at night. It was then that the ration had to be served as stew, still containing as many of the needed food elements as possible. In this form it could rightly be viewed by the medical officer as a marvelously satisfactory solution of the cross considerations of health and of military necessity. To the soldier it appeared, however, as "the kitchen mixed up all that's left over," while in his unfailing good humor he found outlet for the expression of his troubles by dubbing it with the classical name of "slum."

There are times when the soldier gets beyond the reach even of slum. For these occasions the quartermaster supplied special reserve trench rations, which were tinned for protection against the usual spoilage and from gas. These rations were placed at measured distances in the trenches with orders not to touch them until all other

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supply was cut off. This wholesale precaution against hunger was a peculiarly American institution, I am told, and was not taken by any other army. In addition, the soldier in his pack received a concentrated and protected two-days' ration which was also not to be touched, under penalty, until all other food was beyond reach. In spite of these emergency supplies, however, the boys have harrowing tales to tell of going without food for three and even five days in advanced posts. Their experience with the emergency ration, they said, was that by the time you really needed it, you had either thrown it away under some vital necessity of getting rid of every encumbrance, or you had already eaten it. Their explanation of why they did not more carefully conserve it for that to-morrow when their supply of food would probably be cut off was, "And how do we ever know that there is going to be a to-morrow?"

"It became necessary to have ready-cooked food carried in cans to the boys at night"

"With all your chow troubles, you sinners look astonishingly well nourished," I said to them, when our circle was breaking up because the Red Cross wagon had come with ice cream for some of the sicker patients. "Evidently 'monkey meat' agrees with you!"

"I've gained ten pounds since I came over," one of them admitted.

"He grows fat swearing at the mess sergeant," was a quick explanation.

"It might be worse," another one of them agreed

"The other day one of the fellows was sent out with a working party of German prisoners, and when he checked in at night he found he had five more men than he went out with. They traced them, finally, as having come from the prison camp of another army. A compliment to American chow!"

"What are you going to tell the folks at home?" one of them asked, as he saw me departing.

"What do you want me to tell them?" I asked him, suspecting that I was now about to get their first real confession as to how they had prospered.

He was tough and brown and merry-eyed as he called after me, "Tell 'em we're r'arin' the buck!"

There is one phase of the chow subject which leads the soldier and the scientist to common ground. They meet in mind and in appetite at the Red Cross canteen I do not refer so much to those at standard camps and to the full mess that is taken over at some of them, as to those canteens particularly at railroad stations, where the fatigued, chilled, and hungry traveler finds solid American food for his body and a little warmth and comfort for his soul. At home we are likely to picture only the exposure and distress of the soldier in the trenches. Back of that we have some idea of him sheltered in large cantonments. The fact is, that even since the armistice brought fighting to an end, thousands of our boys are constantly circulating over France, like a swarm of ants over an ant hill; they are

In periods of great military activity, the kitchen with its stove and smoke could not fail

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going hither and thither, stragglers and groups, to camp, to the line, on leave, on details, getting lost (a regular occurrence in foreign France), going to hospitals, being evacuated, being reclassified—all the million and one errands of military life of which the layman cannot conceive. While the war was on whole days had to be spent in interminable waits for trains. One half of every day was night. Thousands of our boys slept outdoors night after night, in cold and in rain, on the bare ground. A great American epic might be written on "The Nights of France." After one of these eons of blackness and misery, who can measure the magnitude of the morning sensation of hot oatmeal with milk and sugar, with hot coffee and white bread, served by an American-speaking woman? Who can describe what it meant, here in France, to be served with a huge fresh American doughnut.

Yet above these sensations of sweetness, one still stands supreme, one alas to be experienced only by the soldier in the hospital. There, from the people of America, through the American Red Cross, if he was very ill, he might receive his first portion of that great American dish—ice cream. In sweetless France, with the added bitternesses of war, ice cream symbolized to the soldier all the luxury and happiness that he had left at home.

For every American person who has done his or her bit in the conservation of sugar, and to every giver to the Red Cross, I wish I could describe the gratification which this cold food gave to one of the pneumonia patients whom I saw the nurse feeding. His cheeks were scarlet with fever, and from his weakness there had crept into his face an expression of innocence that made one remember that once he was not the fierce, fighting superman of a soldier, but somebody's baby. I wish I could describe to all those generous Americans how much the sweet concoction meant to the gassed patient, with his burned throat, his violently deranged stomach, and his racked and tortured body. If I could, I would transmit to every American heart the gratitude of the soldier with eyes half closed in his last mortal fatigue, who brightened when he heard as if it came from somewhere far away, the whisper of ice cream; and when the spoonfuls of delicious liquid were put into his mouth, he roused a little to say weakly, "Why—it's *real* ice cream!"

And then he slowly murmured brokenly to the Red Cross worker as he tried to sip the nourishment, "You were an angel to bring it—makes me think of home—when I get better—I am going to write—and tell my mother——"

Would that I could convey the message that he would have sent.

"He roused a little to say weakly, 'Why—it's real *ice cream'"*

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Our All-American Army

Photographs by Lewis W. Hine of our soldiers at a Red Cross Hospital in Paris showing the many nationalities within our army

A REAL AMERICAN OF FRENCH PARENTS

"OI'M OIRISH, CAN YE GUESS IT?"

In a census of nationalities at a Red Cross Hospital near Paris, soldiers of Irish descent were twice as numerous as those of any other nationality

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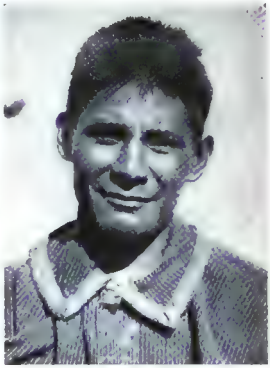
FROM TRAGIC ARMENIA
This Armenian citizen of America has overwhelming reasons for fighting the Germans



100 PER CENT AMERICAN
An Indian turned in a few generations into a defender of his America

"ARE WE DOWNHEARTED?"
It takes more than a wound to dim Giussepe's or Tony's or Angelo's smile The sunshine of Italy is reflected in their happy faces

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HEBREWS ALL
There are many Hebrews in the American Army, and a large number of them come from New York City and its suburbs

SANDY—ORIGINALLY FROM SCOTLAND
The Scotch are famous fighters. If you doubt it — ask the Germans

"TOMMY ATKINS" FROM AMERICA
Born in London but early transplanted to the United States

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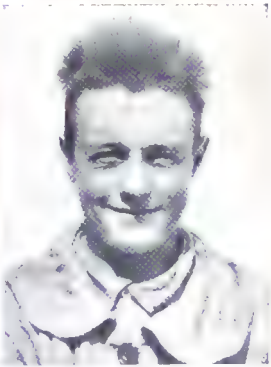
SOMETIME FROM AFRICA
We asked him his nationality. "I'se a Baptist, sah!" he replied

A VETERAN OF THREE WARS
Christus, born in Greece. He has fought against Turkey, Bulgaria, and now Germany

FROM AND FOR POLAND
In fighting for America this boy is also fighting for his beloved Poland



A VIKING
"I fight for Norway, too. The Germans have been sinking our vessels and killing our men"

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TO THE WOMEN OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS:

To comfort children, to bind up wounds, to feed the peoples—these are distinctively a woman's work and they are the world's main concern just now.

The response of the women of America to all of these demands has been effective and soldierly to the last degree, and now we must in the case of food-saving redouble our efforts to avert famine and anarchy and enable the newly liberated nations to endure.

The war food programme could not have been a success without the coöperation of the women in 22,000,000 homes, and the fruits of victory will be largely lost to us lacking this same wonderful response in the coming year.

With a certainty that is based on what they have done we turn to the women, the food buyers of the country, to meet the needs of a hungry world, knowing that they will be met, and met with a deep sense of privilege, whatever they may prove to be.

Herbert Hoover

Feeding the World in 1919

The rank and file of the Food Conservation Army are women, and this "Battalion of Life" is still fighting famine

By Anne Lewis Pierce

Illustrated with cartoons by J. N. Ding

THE World and his wife have confirmed our suspicion that we have been blessed with the best Food Administrator that any country ever had. It is an impossible job at best and a riotous failure at its worst, this matter of food regulation, but after nearly two years of it, Mr. Hoover was stronger than ever and was asked to look into the market baskets of the nations and let us know our duty toward the world's larder.

By the time this page reaches you Mr. Hoover probably will have told us just what we should do, and why, and when. And something tells me that we shall listen and swear off on pork; begin to eat wheat bread but put less butter on it; turn over the milk, be it fresh, condensed, or dried, to the babies of the world, and eat no more than we need of anything—if such a program proves necessary to feed the victims of war and strengthen them to carry on the banner of democracy —a banner strewn now with golden stars.

"Advertising is the art of getting yourself believed," says one of the deans of our new school of publicity, and at that rate Mr. Hoover ought to be President of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. Few of us really depend on the simple obvious things in life, such as air, sunshine, and truth. We talk about them but generally when it comes to the pinch we put our faith in subtle serums, and electricity, and finesse. Mr. Hoover has told the people (including women), the truth, no matter how unpleasant it was or how often it changed. And truth in wartimes is kaleidoscopic.

It is amazing how people, and especially women, have responded to this simple treatment. We have looked in the paper in the morning, as we used to look for the weather, to find out whether we were to have one lump of sugar in our coffee or two; whether we should eat meat or ship it; which crop we needed to eat up to encourage the farmer, and what the latest style in breads might be. It got to be a game, and a patriotic one at that. It meant something. It means even more now, and the last test of Democracy—its spirit and efficiency; its vision and its endurance—will be our attitude toward these reconstruction problems —chief among which is foods.

The test of frankness was especially severe as food problems have such a disconcerting way of changing front. Any morning a plain unvarnished food problem was likely to have changed over night into a shipping question. And no food lay around and spoiled because the Food Administration was afraid to tell us that we had saved more than could be stored or shipped. It was "Mr. Hoover's compliments to the Great American Public, and will they please begin to eat meat again,

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as the "Boys" are served the storage houses are full and the ships are not yet ready for another load. But in the mean time go easy on the sugar and wheat."

So voluntary food regulation is another of the impossibilities that war has transferred to the "accomplished" side of the ledger. Some doubting Thomases maintain that it will not stay there, that this individual response to the claims and ideals of brotherhood will flag without the war urge. We all slumped a bit naturally when the strain was relieved, and some of our most devout menu makers, heaved a sigh of relief and said "The war is over. Out with the luxury recipes."

Not yet—not with millions starving in Europe, 40 millions in Russia whom we can not reach, but some 150 millions of the liberated peoples of Poland, Armenia, Rumania and Serbia, Montenegro and Russia in addition to those in France and Belgium and neutral countries whom we have been helping under war conditions. Peace means a spreading of the war on famine; it means sending the export capacity of our ports —20,000,000 tons— of food abroad, over three times our pre-war shipments. And while this can be done without any hardship at all, it can not be done without the sustained and coordinated effort that made it possible for the women of the country to save 13,000,000 barrels of flour right off of the table; to ship 120,000,000 bushels of wheat more than our normal surplus, merely by taking heed unto our recipes and using substitutes. It is only this savable surplus that we need to send to the liberated countries which with depleted strength and population, a desolated soil, poisoned wells, incapacitated mines and machinery, destroyed or mutilated, are struggling to their feet to build again their homes and industries. Not till another harvest at the earliest can they stand alone.

Probably if we were asked to go hungry, to fast one day in seven, that 200,000,000 people might be saved from death, we would do it without a tremor. But this is not asked—it is only that we must live simply, eat no fourth meals, save fats (dairy products, pork products and oils), eschew cream that there may be more milk for the young, eat bread moderately but put less butter on it. In other words, we are not asked to leave the food machine in the garage, but we are set the task of taking it out, releasing the brakes, and having the strength of character to go slowly. Can we do it? It is no mean test.

Not for a moment must it be thought that we are filling the world's market basket. We are only doing our share to make up the lack, and that is estimated at about 60 per cent. of the shortage. In the meantime the huge stores of wheat in Australia, the Argentine, and India will be released as the ships can be spared to distribute them. It ties up a vessel over four times as long to carry a load from Australia to Liverpool as it does to send one from New York to Liverpool. From the Argentine, wheat or beef must travel twice as long to get to England or the United States as if the food were sent direct from New York to England or France. The shortage in shipping eliminated these distant sources of production during the war. The delivery of the marketing is a big item, be it a world or a city problem.

This is one of the two main reasons why the home embargo was taken off wheat just as the art of substituting had reached its zenith and the cook had almost ceased to struggle against "dark bread." The other one was that the fat shortage (a little matter of some three or four billion pounds) is partly a cattle feed problem in disguise. Wheat bran and other rich feeds are 3,000,000 tons short, and going back to wheat, and releasing the substitutes will help to remedy this. It is evidently cannier to set about building up the herds of Europe rather than to settle down to an indefinite shortage of milk products and fats.

Europe's milk supply is now only about 35 per cent. of the normal. Approximately 25 per cent. of the dairy herds of France are gone and those remaining are much less productive because of scanty rationing. In the neutral countries, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, the conditions are better as to numbers, but poor feeding has had its bad results everywhere, even when, as in England, the numbers are scarcely depleted at all. Switzerland for example, produced only two-thirds of its usual milk supply in 1918, and their butter ration is 8½ ounces per person per month, at a cost of $1.50 a pound. The English ration was reduced to one ounce of butter per week with four ounces of oleo. Our, hotel requirements on butter are one-half more than this per day!

Remembering the vital part played by butter fats in nourishing the growing child or under nourished adult, the duty of all well-fed folks is plain enough. Because of their growth promoting powers the dairy products should go to the children and half-starved refugees. The few who react so violently against saving food even for the neutrals, are "biting off the nose to spite the face," for rioting and anarchy will spread like a forest fire, if these peoples lose all hope of an increasing ration. It is in the cities that the conditions are worst. In the rural districts there is some food but fear of hunger and the breaking down of transportation combine to prevent the circulation of what little food there is.

Since Germany has sunk forty per cent. of the shipping of the world and spread devastation in her wake for four years—she may well deserve to starve, but riots in Austria, in Switzerland and in Holland as well as in Germany itself will only react on the Allies. Even Germany must be allowed at least *means to get food* and the neutrals and Austria, countries that have never produced their own food supplies, must have credits and ships and food itself if there is to be any real peace. Germany will probably need only the opportunity to buy, but if she is to pay her indemnities and play the part she should in wiping out the evil she has done, she must be allowed to live. It would be a mediaeval policy of great short-sightedness to go back to the plan of the debtors' prison and to force economic starvation on the nation that is so in debt to the world.

The Food Administration, in addition to its subtle policy of telling the plain truth and trusting the people to react to it, has another simple and disconcerting habit. A man goes to Washington with a well defined and unanswerable grievance. A neat sheaf of figures, arranged by experts, proves that his rights are being ignored. Then some one produces the official food

Go gle

HERBERT HOOVER
The man who staked his success on the efficiency of democracy and won

binoculars and the protestant looks through the big end of them at his own claims until they shrink into proportion to the world problem. Next he is shown his responsibility in the matter through the other end of the glass until it looms large, and he sees what his own small readjustment or sacrifice means to the general welfare when multiplied by 110,000,000. Then he goes home, perhaps with his array of cherished facts entirely unrefuted, but with such a different set of estimates, such an entirely different perspective of himself and his fellow man that the redoubtable facts take a back seat, either permanently or for the period of the war and reconstruction.

It is this multiplying of the individual economy by hundreds of millions that saves the day; the vision of the results of team work is the inspiration of democracy. Society often reminds one of the stock story of the chronic invalid who lay abed paralyzed for thirty years but jumped and ran at the cry of "fire." The call of war galvanized us all into "impossible" efforts. Now comes the real test—the feeding of the hungry millions, thousands of miles away, by steady, every day, little sacrifices. Is our ideal of the brotherhood of man real enough to lead us on through the all-important year ahead?

Despite the gracious gratitude of Belgium, and the fact that French, British, and Americans have combined during the past four years to pour into the

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Uncle Sam (to Germany): "Go back to the foot of the line!"
A cartoon by J. N. Ding—by permission of the New York *Tribune*

brave little land billions of pounds of food and millions of garments and dollars—this has but kept the people alive. The population is there, while half of the Serbians and one fourth of the Poles have been slaughtered or starved. Here is the opportunity to send freely, which was impossible under German occupation —to provide a real nourishing ration instead of just barely enough to sustain life, and to reach the entire population.

It will be a year at least before agriculture can recover, homes be rebuilt, and body and spirit rally, to anything like normal conditions. Always Belgium stands like the figure of Kate Bar-lass of Scotland, the girl who, lacking a bolt for the door, slipped her arm through the hoops and delayed the would-be murderers of the king with her mangled bones and soft flesh. Had it not been for the stand of Belgium, we might indeed have come too late. We owe her more than food. Fifty thousand dead she has given of her men-in-arms, a loss of life incomparably greater than ours in proportion to population. Our treasure we have poured out without stint, more than any other nation except Great Britain, even in the short time that we were in the war. It is for us to carry on the blessed task of healing and rebuilding in the lands that have given their blood in streams —millions of lives from France and Great Britain. And food is the first of the vital gifts we have to offer.

Our humility in meeting this need, we who have been so largely sheltered from the horrors of war, should equal the grace of the gratitude that meets our efforts. It is said that an American or his flag brings a smile always to the wan face of Belgium, and in Switzerland, one of the most hard pressed of the neutrals, the children say "Thank you, America," when the white bread is passed. And this in a land where children have borne cold and hunger until they fall ready victims to disease; where mothers eat no bread at all that more may go to the little folks; where even street-car drivers say "We are 'made men,' the growing children must have the bread" and go to work half fed. If this be uninvaded Switzerland, what must be Serbia and Poland, Armenia and Rumania?

It makes one feel a bit stuffy—does it not?—when we remember our substitutions, our abundant tables, our sugar bowl, which, with all our effective saving (300,000 tons a month for four months) is still the largest in the world, twice as large as England's and four times as large as that of France and Italy, and at that it costs less than in any other land. Italy has been paying 20 to 35 cents a pound for her beggarly seven tenths of a pound apiece, and France 18 cents, for what she gets, saccharin being often used in tea and coffee, while here we deem it a non-food coal-tar product of dubious healthfulness and prohibit its use in foods.

It takes a golden vase to hold gratitude, we are told, and the unimbittered gracious appreciation of our furnishing merely the "vital margin" of food to the victims of the war, must needs be met with renewed efforts if we are to hold high the flag and the Red Cross as symbols of liberty and service. Surely we must long, especially the women who are the buyers of food and the carriers of the market basket, to meet the vastly increased needs and opportunities of peace. Last year we sent abroad enough food to feed 22,000,000 people completely; in reality about 120,000,000 were partly fed. We doubled our usual exportation of foods sending almost 12,000,000 tons during the last year, and now that Peace has flung wide the gateways of the world we must double again this effort and send at least 20,000,000 tons of food stuffs over seas.

We know we can do it because we tried ourselves out on the wheat. If any one tells you the wheat was our surplus, just taken out of hand and shipped, don't believe him. We only had a surplus of 20 million bushels and we saved out of usual consumption 121,000,000 bushels more; 33,000,000 barrels of flour went abroad whereas our visible surplus was only 4,500,000, and the difference was saved by the women

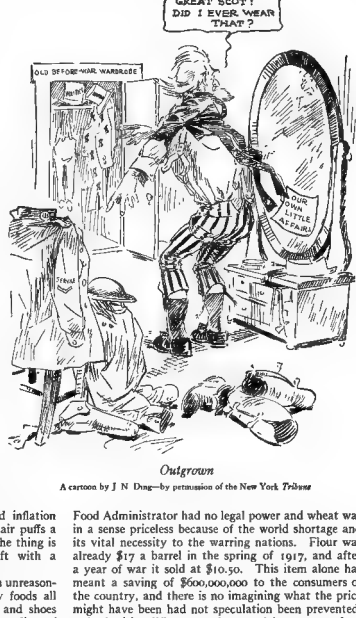
Go gle

of this country from the home table. We have done this and we can do it again, be it milk products, pork products, or wheat or sugar. Never had a nation such a golden opportunity to win for itself the love of the world as this one, and that only by "taking heed unto its ways" with food.

Any discussion of food prices would fill a library in itself, but one can hardly discuss a market basket of any size or a food problem of any kind without mentioning them. "Why have a Food Administrator if he doesn't cheapen foods?" say some. But Mr. Hoover's job was to "engineer foods" not to purify or cheapen them, except in so far as price, injurious speculation, profiteering, and crude injustices impeded the distribution of food materials. Only the prices of wheat and sugar were fixed.

It sounds so simple. Just say how much porterhouse steak should cost, and if it sells for more send somebody to jail. The best of us have little idea of the immutable, grinding force of economic laws, the undercurrents of trade, the sensitive psychology of "the market," and the impasse created when costs of production and distribution go up and we try to keep the cost of food down.

Mr. Hoover maintains that "price fixing" is no indoor sport for a gentleman; that no man who ever "fixed a price" and had to sit at a desk and take the come-back would ever do it twice unless forced to. The unexpected troubles that develop when a well meaning "price fixing" stick is inserted in the delicate works of economic cause and effect would give pause to the bravest. Increased labor costs and inflation of currency will puff up prices just as hot air puffs a balloon, and the man who tries to anchor the thing is likely to get blistered hands and be left with a broken rope in his hands.



Outgrown

A cartoon by J N Darg—by permission of the New York *Tribune*

A rise in food prices seems to fill us all with unreasoning rage. I suppose it is because we buy foods all the time, and clothes and railway tickets and shoes and such only intermittently. With the sending of enough food abroad to feed one fifth of our own people, with a world shortage in certain foods (wheat, fats, sugar, and meats), with increased costs of transportation and production and labor, and in the face of the fact that for five years before the war prices had been steadily soaring—it is of course impossible to expect them actually to decrease under war or reconstruction conditions.

Notwithstanding this, control of certain trade practices and channels, and intelligent conservation, buying with reference to the supply instead of on whim and appetite, have done much to prevent extreme prices and control speculation. As an example be it noted that the grain exchange accepted without protest the decision of the Food Administration that all speculation in wheat must cease—and this at a time when the Food Administrator had no legal power and wheat was in a sense priceless because of the world shortage and its vital necessity to the warring nations. Flour was already $17 a barrel in the spring of 1917, and after a year of war it sold at $10.50. This item alone has meant a saving of $600,000,000 to the consumers of the country, and there is no imagining what the price might have been had not speculation been prevented.

Authorities differ as to the actual increases in food prices before and during the war, but all agree that while the price paid to the farmer went up during the first year of the war the wholesale prices actually went down from 15 to 30 per cent., showing the results of controlling speculation and profiteering. It is estimated that for the three fall months of 1918 there was a rise of 18 per cent. as compared with the three preceding spring months. This increase is only in proportion to the increased price paid the farmer—it can not be charged to profiteering.

It is illuminating to note that during the Civil War, when there was no problem of a world shortage of food, eggs went up from 14 cents a dozen to 46 cents wholesale. At the same rate of increase the housekeeper would be paying about $1.64 a dozen now. Flour would be $23.58 a barrel instead of $10.50 and

ham would be 98 cents a pound. Nearly all staples increased three or four times in price including sugar which soared from 8 to 30 cents a pound wholesale. Milk almost doubled in price and butter increased from 15 to 55 cents a pound wholesale. (Farmers please compare their present lot with the farmers of 1861).

It is obviously futile for us to expect an actual decrease in prices as compared with pre-war rates when the very conditions which had established a rapidly increasing scale of prices before the war were all exaggerated suddenly by increased wages and transportation rates, and short supplies. But the protection afforded by the control of wholesale margins, and the stabilizing of prices by careful distribution and publicity as to the state of the market, has by actual proof saved the consuming public millions; what it might have cost them had speculation been uncontrolled is a matter that only an unbridled imagination could handle.

Some people will tell you that we have no interest in feeding Europe; that there was no voluntary coöperation, it was police power and high prices and impossibility of purchase that saved food, that women hoarded sugar, when the world was short and we were getting five or six times our share. Furthermore, it is alleged that what we did do was done to win the war, and that the women will never save food for far-away starving children and pitiful old folks, and men and women exhausted with four years of war.

There is no lie so insidious as a half truth. It gets through where a good thorough-going lie could never travel. Always there are slackers, always the few who must be policed—but never could the food programme have succeeded, and piled up its fruits for shipment, had not the mass of the people had faith in its integrity and its necessity and given themselves good naturedly and intelligently to Hooverizing as a war industry. Will the women of America want whipped cream desserts and syllabubs for a moment's pleasure when the children of the world are perishing for lack of milk? Will the breakfast bacon habit be dearer to us than the rehabilitation of France and Belgium? Will moderate eating and no afternoon tea be a hardship when practised to feed the survivors in Rumania and Serbia? If so, the less we say about the brotherhood of man the better.

William Hohenzollern has done one good thing, he has proved to us that we can not say that it is no concern of ours what happens in Europe. He made it our concern. And whether people are starving round the corner or three thousand miles away seems a bit immaterial to the twentieth century man and woman. Airships, cables, the wireless, ocean greyhounds, have brought us nearer to Russia and France than were the inhabitants of Massachusetts to Virginia, when our country was founded.

At the time of this writing the Food Administrator is still in Europe making a survey of the world's needs and resources and figuring out our contribution to the world's market basket; planning to assemble the vital foods where they are needed most with the least possible waste of motion; and sizing up our commonsense duty toward Germany and Austria that anarchy and famine may not render them as dangerous a firebrand in peace as in war, and a menace to their neighbors. There is no danger of exploitation, of sentimentalism, of neglect of our own problem, no real sacrifice called for; merely an intelligent adjustment to the crying needs of the world.

It grows out of the deep rooted laws of our being that women preeminently should conserve, cherish, and bring to fruition through long sustained and silent effort. The same great soul who thought the highest dignity of a woman was to be a "loaf-giver"; who sorrowed over a woman's proneness to lavish all on her own and be blind to the children of others who toiled along in the dust of the highway outside her garden walls, said also that a man's armor was never firmly set unless a woman's hand had buckled it.

American women sent their men to face death three thousand miles away, with high courage; they have worked through long months of suspense with more than courage, with ardor; they have fed the hungry and clothed the naked, filled their anxious minds with active plans and their hands with work. The guerdon of their sacrifice has been reached. Now after the first joy of victory subsides and we have become accustomed to the blessed relief of laying aside nameless dread and do not wake to wonder if the men of our blood are throwing their bodies against steel and fire—we shall turn us again to our woman's distinctive task of conserving and rebuilding—feeding the young and the old, be they far or near.

The Woman's Food Army of Conservation can not demobilize yet. It must serve along with the Army of Occupation for another season.

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An Average New Yorker

By Charles J. Rosebault

UNTIL the war broke out Sterling S. Beardsley might fairly have been called an average New Yorker of his station in life. He was a graduate of Harvard, a member of the Cotton Exchange, and from his twenty-fifth year had been engrossed in the great American game of making money. At twenty-seven he had met a charming young woman who had looked into his laughing blue eyes and discerned that he was really what he seemed to be—the type of American man who finds his greatest joy in serving the woman he loves. So they had married and set up an attractive home on Riverside Drive, where the friends of both had united in making their social life as pleasant as that can be in a metropolis in which so much space is given over to theatres, restaurants, cafés, and cabarets. From nine to four daily Beardsley had hustled and grubbed in the cotton business, using brains, energies, and nerve force for all they were worth; then to the club or home to play with the same strenuosity. For, remember, Beardsley was the average New Yorker and it is thus that the game is played.

Then had come the final blessings of the gods—a darling little girl, over whom Beardsley had lost his head entirely, and later on a sturdy boy. Surely the story of Sterling S. Beardsley ought to close here He is prosperous, he is happily married, he has beautiful children. What more of interest can be said of this average New Yorker living the average New York life? Yet, it was only now that Adventure and Beardsley became acquainted.

Of course, he did his share in the work allotted to the civilian population—bought Liberty Bonds, contributed to the Red Cross, and joined in various activities. What more could he do? He had a wife and two children, his business was growing all the time and needed his personal attention, and besides he was too old to enlist. He was almost forty-two and the draft was limiting the age of soldiers to thirty-one.

But somehow the usual routine did not bring the usual contentment. "Over there" something was going on that belittled everything over here. The papers were full of stories of what was happening to the wives and daughters and little boys of other men. They were in his mind when he looked at his own little family. When he walked the streets he was ruffled by posters in the shop windows portraying the atrocities of the Huns. One day he came home and announced that he had accepted a captain's commission in the Red Cross. He had ceased to be the average New Yorker.

Beardsley with tears in his eyes sailed for France on the 16th of January, 1918. Even while the crusading spirit was as strong as ever, he was in agony at the severing of home ties. It was his first separation from wife and children. It was a plunge into the unknown. He would go where he was sent, do what he was told; but would he see his family again? He clung to the roses his wife had placed in his stateroom for days after they had withered.

When Beardsley reached Paris he met many Americans who had come over on similar errands. A lot of them were complaining because their talents were not being recognized by those in authority. Twenty years around Wall Street had taught Beardsley that complaining was a poor substitute for action. He found a way to the man on top; and within a week he was on his way to a big aviation camp in the heart of France. It wasn't near the front, where he had hoped to go, and his job was only to improve the system of accounting—nothing martial or inspiring—yet he went at it with gusto.

His next billet was more to his fancy. He was to take a motor truck and a rolling kitchen up near the front and set up a canteen. It was now near the end of March and the Boche drive was on. The supergun was throwing shells into Paris, bombing was active, and there were many victims.

When he reached Compiègne, he found it a deserted city. The mayor and other officials were gone; the Palace Hotel, in the lovely square opposite the palace of the first Napoleon, was empty; beds were unmade, dishes unwashed, dirt and confusion everywhere. Beardsley remembered suddenly that at this date the previous year he had been at Palm Beach with his family. Then he got out his kitchen, with the aid of three other Red Cross men, and took it over to the railroad station across the river.

Camions filled with French and British soldiers, downcast and weary, were passing through in retreat and along the same road came an endless stream of refugees—old men, women, and children, in dire confusion, dragging with them such of their possessions as could be taken. It was Beardsley's first contact with real war and it gripped him more than all he had read and heard. He started his kitchen on the jump In less than no time he and his men were serving hot chocolate, sausage, cheese, and cigarettes to soldiers and civilians. They worked into the night and then went back to the hotel and cooked their own dinner. To forget the refugees and the bad news, they played the piano in the deserted parlor, and finally went to sleep without removing their clothes.

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Three motor-truck men, two chauffeurs and helpers, "the finest fellows in the world" making soup for Captain Beardsley's canteen at Château-Thierry

At one in the morning Beardsley was awakened by explosions near by. Boche *avions* had come over and were dropping bombs. With the others he sought refuge in the wine cellars, eighty feet under ground. It was safe there—but it was also cold and damp. After standing it for two hours they went up, but at five had to descend again.

Beardsley had come prepared for three days—he had his toilet articles, a pair of pajamas, and some handkerchiefs. He had to do with these for two weeks. During the first week he slept in his clothes. When he got his first bath it was in a wash basin.

Every morning saw him up with the sun. All day he worked at the canteen, serving thousands of soldiers and refugees and helping weary old men and feeble old women, until darkness and hunger compelled him to stop. Once he got a poor old creature on a train, but she was frantic at having to part with her goat. So he hoisted the goat into an empty first-class compartment. An unsympathetic guard put the animal

A château just outside Villers-Cotterets Woods

A blacksmith shop turned into a hospital near Villers-Cotterets

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Bradley Studio

Captain Sterling S. Beardsley—"the average New Yorker" —and his daughter. Mr. Beardsley, a Harvard man, was a cotton broker in New York when he volunteered as a Red Cross worker

off. Beardsley waited until the train was about to start and the guard's attention was fastened elsewhere, then hoisted the goat on again. Was he not the average New Yorker?

Every night Beardsley prayed for rain The Boche *avions* didn't come then. On clear nights he had to sleep in the cellar, though the blankets were sopping and the rats scampered about.

On Easter Sunday he stopped at a church on his way to the canteen. It was empty, as was the whole city. He dropped on his knees and prayed for the welfare of his wife and children at that moment safe in war-free New York. It was hard to realize that there was a place where airplanes did not drop bombs and shells did not come screeching from far-away guns

Now there were soldiers going back to the front, no longer sad-eyed and depressed; but there were still the hopeless refugees, and persistent reports that the Boches were coming through. Only Beardsley refused to credit them. Many times in his diary is the entry: "I believe the line will hold."

Right here it must be admitted that in the matter of temperament he was not the average New Yorker, nor the average of any other place. Blessed optimist! With a sty closing one eye and a boil from an infection shooting pains through his neck, with nearly

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every night's sleep broken by bombs and shells, he held on and even dashed over to another town in the track of the migration to open a second canteen. The boil got so bad finally that it had to be lanced. It was done just in time.

One night, when the bombing was so severe that he could not stay in bed, he went out into the night and came upon a poor fellow who had just been hit by a fragment which injured one leg and blew away a hand. The same bomb killed twelve soldiers on leave as they were about to board a tram for Paris. It landed fifty yards from Beardsley's kitchen. In his diary is this entry: "Hated to have to leave at such a time as it looked as though we had beat it because of the bombing." Orders had arrived the day previous to go to Château-Thierry. The big German drive was on and again the populace was rushing toward Paris, "many of them too panic-stricken to wait for a cup of coffee." Beardsley set up the kitchen in the square and was serving hot coffee, pieces of chocolate, and cigarettes that same afternoon. He kept going until eleven and slept in his clothes—slept although bombs were falling all around. He was getting indifferent to them. "I am somewhat of a fatalist," he wrote in his diary. "It was a strenuous day—terrible rush and a grand work."

It was continuous "rush and grand work." Moved to Montmirail, with several young women of the Red Cross, they came upon a hospital filled with wounded—many of them severely and several untrained women to look after them. There were no nurses or doctors. The mystery of this was never explained, but there was no time for inquiry then. Neither Beardsley nor the Red Cross women had any knowledge of hospital work, but they did what they could. Beardsley wrote letters for some badly wounded Tommies. "Each one was to his mother. I sat and wrote with tears in my eyes." The next day three surgeons came but still no nurses. For days the wounded kept piling in, filling corridors and landings. The cotton broker was holding legs while the doctors amputated—and fighting against nausea and a fear of fainting. But he held out—thirty-six hours at a stretch.

Along with these details in the diary are innumerable instances when he stops to praise his associates. "These girls did heroic work," he wrote of the fine young women who helped at the hospital. Three motor-truck men and two chauffeurs were drafted by him. They worked from six in the morning until test at night. "Just roughnecks, but they have been wonderful. I don't know what I would have done without them. Their spirit has been wonderful." One aide "is a dandy," another "such a nice man," and a third "a dear boy." In a spare hour he got down on his hands and knees and scrubbed the floor of the sterilizing room. When he got through he noticed that roses were blooming in the garden outside. "I love them so," he wrote.

The church at Beju where the Red Cross set up a hospital by candle light

"The Palace Hotel at Campiègne was empty, beds unmade, dirt and confusion everywhere"

These were the most strenuous times. Twenty thousand cups of coffee were served from the canteen in a single day—and the hospital work continued. American boys were coming now. They moved to the front cheering the Red Cross and singing, "The Long, Long Trail." Many came back wounded. Beardsley's emotions were grilled worse than ever. A boy, whose leg he had seen cut off, observed mildly an hour later that he couldn't feel anything below his knee. Another talked cheerfully after an operation and was dead in half an hour.

Near Villers-Cotterets, in the forest that was the hunting ground of the Kings of France from mediæval times, Beardsley had next set up a canteen on the forge of an old blacksmith shop, but the wounded came in droves and the shop became a hospital. They had to be laid on the ground by the roadside. "The flies were awful and it was hot. Some of the sights got me."

One young marine, who had left the dressing station with only a slight wound on his arm, arrived with the arm nearly torn off. A piece of shell had struck him on the way. Beardsley held the other hand while the

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surgeon removed the arm. The boy's sufferings were frightful, as there was no anæsthetic but morphine and he was conscious throughout. When it was over he turned to Beardsley.

"Is my arm off?" he asked.

"You'll be all right, my boy," Beardsley replied, smothering his tears.

"Is my arm off?" the boy repeated.

"Ask the doctor," Beardsley evaded.

"Damn it, can't you tell if my arm's off?" the boy snapped at him. Fifteen minutes later Beardsley saw him smoking a cigarette and chatting calmly with a wounded companion.

"Poor boys," Beardsley comments, as he takes a brief rest on a pile of hay, "I feel so strongly that I ought to be one of them. My work is so little compared to theirs. It is the one time I've ever felt my age a handicap."

When I saw Captain Beardsley he was at his home in New York. He was in civilian dress and nothing marked him from the average New Yorker.

He had been called home after nine months' service to talk for the Liberty Loan and the Red Cross.

"It's fine to be back with my wife and the kiddies," he remarked, "and I figure the war is over. If it shouldn't be—well, I guess I'll have to go back. There's so much to do."

The Home Fires of the Milligans

By George Madden Martin

Illustrations by PAUL MEYLAN

George Madden Martin is universally known as the author of the "Emmy Lou" stories, which seem perennial in their pleasure-giving quality. Of late Mrs. Martin has been giving all her time to the Home Service—studying the interesting cases of help asked and given, going about with visitors, at times acting herself as worker or investigator. This experience has given her a rich fund of stories; they touch all sorts of problems and many nationalities. Each story involves a soldier and his family

THE instructor of the volunteer workers addressing her class, paused, then added with slow emphasis, "Service as we are defining it, whether directed toward the individual or the group, must be constructive."

A figure passed the open door of the class-room, along the hall leading to the receiving desk—a girl in a blue skirt, a green sweater, and a sport hat, her face bitter and defiant for one so young.

"Is this where the wives of soldiers apply who want their share of their husband's pay?"

The Home Service worker at the desk, busy with memoranda of the case that moment dismissed, lifted her eyes. It was a girl in a blue dress, sweater, and sport hat, with a defiant face that, broad at the cheek-bones, narrowed swiftly to an oval whose apex, so far as contours went, was still a child's chin.

"You are the wife of a soldier?"

"That's what I meant by what I said."

The volunteer was at her desk from nine to five, six days of the week, for just one purpose—service to the families of the men wearing khaki until and after these men come home.

"Your husband has made you an allotment and you are not getting it? Or you wish him to make you one?"

"I'm not counting on my husband in the matter at all; I'm counting on the government that promised the wives they should have it. I ought to have had it all the while and I haven't. I'm his wife."

"The name of your husband, please? His rank and his branch in the service? You mean me to understand your husband is not giving you your allotment?"

"Willy Milligan is his name, private, —th Infantry, Company C, in France, since July. Here is my marriage certificate. I wish to God they may kill him while he's over there quick! "

The voice rose sharp and vibrant. The room was filled with persons sitting in chairs waiting their turns. The girl standing before the desk was thin and pale except for two spots of angry red on her cheek-bones.

The Home Service volunteer arose, a worker at another desk taking her place at a sign from her, and, opening the gate in the railing which set her apart, went out from the inclosure.

"It will be quiet in the little room you see over there," she said to the girl, "and we can sit while we talk. Won't you come with me?"

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Within the rest-room, with its window, couch, and two chairs, the worker turned to her companion.

"Mrs. Milligan is it? And now try and make me understand, won't you? How long married?"

"Five years."

"And you are how old now?"

"Twenty-two." The voice shook a bit.

"And your husband's age?"

"He is twenty-two."

"Have you children, Mrs. Milligan?"

"I have two."

"And you live where?"

"The other side of Third Avenue, 120 Stuyvesant Street, not far from Fourteenth." The girl's hands rolled a cheap handkerchief into a ball and then unrolled it, hands showing hard, manual work.

"And now your nationality, Mrs. Milligan—and your husband's? And have you and he any people of your own?"

"He's Irish—at least his father and his mother were. My mother came down to the States from French Canada when I was eight. She died when I was sixteen. I never heard her say what my father was. My name was McGarry. My husband has a stepmother; she's married again and I reckon I may say her one fear is some'n' fierce—it is that we might be going to fasten on her."

"Have you any occupation, Mrs. Milligan?"

"I was in a department store when I married. I'm a cleaner at night in an office building."

"And now won't you make it clear to me how I can be of service to you? What is the trouble about your allotment? When did your husband go? Is he a drafted man or did he enlist?"

"My husband enlisted in March, 1918; he wasn't in the draft. What's the use of my tellin' you, read the letter and you'll understand, it's his answer to one from me. I didn't come about him; I've come to claim what the Government said the wives should have. I've been sick and can't seem to get ahead again. Read the letter, I say. He wrote it before he went over."

The Home Service worker unfolded the sheet of paper bearing the flag and the triangle.

Camp Meade, Sunday.

"JEN:

"Answering in regards to your letter which I received a few days ago, to begin with I don't want you to think for a moment that I am anxious in any way for an opportunity to get reconciled. As you know without my telling you, my opportunity came at last for the matter I was anxious to fulfil for the humanities sake and fight my bit in this war. In regard to the children, little Joe and little Lou, you can set down now and reconsider your predictment how you acted such a bully nobody could get the reason of you.

"You thought you could best me from enlisting, you couldn't see into it, you thought I was only a quitter on you and the children and my job. Instead of letting me go you brought disgrace upon me and upon little Joe and upon little Lou, for that is a thing you done to me—I don't see that I can live down. But anyway I ain't disappointed in the great thing for we in this camp are going over in the near.

"Never in this living world will I give you my signature as you ask to get the children until I return. You said if I wanted to go I could see to it they were provided for, that you would not take care of any man's children who went when he had not been drafted and who did not have to go. Well, I did provide for them, and I am keeping in touch with them, and I will not neglect them.

"Closing here I hope you will get wise from all set down as above and cease writing.

PRIVATE W. MILLIGAN."

The Home Service worker refolded the letter "Where are your children, Mrs. Milligan? And what is the disgrace your husband says that he and they cannot live down?"

"He said he couldn't stand it not to do his part in this war. I guess what I said was fierce. I couldn't see it, and I don't see it now. He worked in the delivery department of a hardware store and made good money. He got to staying away evenings hanging around the recruiting station. Then I heard he was going to enlist at the Armory which is not so far from where we lived, and where I am now. I went to the Armory ahead of him with little Joe by the hand—he's four—and little Lou in my arms—she's two—to prove that he had a wife and two children to support.

"Then he got to staying away altogether, and me with the two children and no money. I heard next he was going to enlist under another name. I got out a warrant for non-support and had him sent up for two months."

"How did you live yourself in the meanwhile?"

"I got a job cleaning offices at night near where I live. I could put the children to bed and lock the door and go, when I couldn't leave 'em in the daytime."

"Didn't you realize, Mrs. Milligan, that you would have your allotment, with provision for each child while your husband was gone as a soldier?"

"I wasn't caring anything about an allotment; it wasn't fair he should go. I was his wife and they were his children. I got the job to show him where I stood about that. I'm at the same place still. That's how he got his proof that I wasn't able to take proper care of the children while he was gone."

"I don't understand."

"When my husband got out after his two months, he went to the judge. I ought to say that I was sent for to appear and bring the children. He proved to the judge that I had him sent up to keep him from enlisting, that I had a job that took me away from home at night and that I said if he went, he could provide for the children. The judge said some words to me about being a wicked woman, untrue to my country and my husband, and took little Joe and little Lou away from me and committed them to a foundling asylum. My husband enlisted the next day and his allotment goes to the children."

"And you think he would be willing to include you in the allotment now?"

"No, but the Government might. I've been sick and it said the wives should have it."

"Are you permitted to see your children?"

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"'This morning, after I left the chaplain, I saw a woman and two children come home to a piece of a wall and a door-step and a door-sill. Jen, it might have been you and little Joe and little Lou'"

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"Twice a week." For the first time, the girl gave way, the chin with its child's contours shook, and the throat and thin young bosom heaved.

"I was a good mother, and I was a good wife till he wanted to go. I wish to God they may kill him over there in France quick."

The Home Service worker rose. Private Milligan, with thousands like him who have given their all to this war, before overlong would be returning to his own country. The Home Service volunteer was saying steadfastly to herself that the family unit is the hope of the world.

She spoke to the girl.

"I will take up your case myself, Mrs. Milligan These matters require time to verify and set going, you know. Won't you come with me as you go out and look at some of the pictures on our walls? The stories that they tell of the women in France, too often separated from their children through no fault of their own, will appeal to you. Do you read the daily paper? Do you realize we are soon to see the close of this war?"

"No, I don't read any papers. I never could see what my husband found in his except that it cost him two cents."

"Perhaps I can tell you something about these things. While I am verifying your case, have you any objection to my coming to see you? Perhaps some time you will let me go with you to see the children?"

Mrs. Milligan had almost reached the door. As she turned to answer, she was dabbing fiercely at two great tears running down her cheeks and one saw her for what she was, this girl in the blue skirt, sweater and sport hat—a child, ignorant, forlorn, and unhappy.

Late in October the Home Service volunteer went hurrying up the steps of 120 Stuyvesant Street, not far from Fourteenth, in search of Jenny Milligan. Nine weeks had passed since she first took up the case. A month for communications to go across concerning Jenny and Private W. Milligan, and a month, since luck was with the volunteer, for reports on the case to be returned. In the worker's coat pocket, was a note in Jenny's writing, -a note a week old but worth preserving which said:

"Is this where the wives of soldiers apply who want their share of their husband's pay?"

"DEAR FRIEND, When you have read these lines to my husband, which I send with this, will you seal the same and drop it in the box? It came to me that I wanted to do it. Please see if I have directed it right.

"JENNY MILLIGAN."

This note, as stated, was some days old. The letter to Private W. Milligan of which it spoke, a week now on its way to France, had said:

"Willy, this is Jen talking It is not to try to get you back or to try to get anything. What I want to say is this: I made the trouble. My temper is the devil and so is my tongue. I write to say you done the right thing I have made some baby sacks and petticoats for the children of the women over there in France where you are. A lady I have got to know gave me the materials and showed me how. I go to see little Joe and little Lou every Tuesday and every Sunday. "JEN."

The Home Service worker went up the two flights of dark and narrow steps at the side of the delicatessen store. She tapped at the door of the second room to the rear at the head of the stairs Private W. Milligan had left Jenny here, and here, however poor a place to call a home, he would find her on his return.

Opening the door at the response to her knock she went in. The plan of the room by now was fixed in her mind—the iron bed, the cheap bureau, the table with the red cloth and dishes, the stove in the fire-place in the place of a grate, beneath a cluttered mantel-shelf. Jenny was no housekeeper but, with new heart in her, of late she had been trying.

She was standing in front of a tub of her own clothes, a pile of them, wrung out and on a chair, waiting to be put on the line outside the one window.

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The Home Service worker held out an envelope bearing the letters "A.E.F."

"It came to you in the care of the Home Service in a batch of mail from France."

When Jenny had read it, she handed it to the Home Service worker. She was weeping and her throat and young bosom heaving.

"Willy will see that I wrote before I got this letter from him. Read what he says."

"JEN:

"We go into action tomorrow at daylight and, with all this talk of peace we are hearing about, maybe for the last time. This morning I was sent for; somebody had been writing about you and the children. The letter was a month old. The chaplain asked me would I change the allotment to you and let you have the children. I said no, this war was pretty near over anyhow, and left. To-night I went to him and told him I would like to do it. It is fixed by him and is all right, and the insurance for you and little Joe and little Lou is fixed all right, too. Then the chaplain showed me some snap-shots of little Joe and little Lou sent by the same person who wrote about you.

"Jen, I'm glad it is fixed. I say this before I go into what is probably our last fighting. I would like to see you before I go into action to-morrow morning and tell you so.

"Jen, for some days I have been seeing these French people come home as we take back the country for them day by day. This morning, after I left the chaplain, I saw a woman and two children come home to a piece of a wall and a door-step and a door-sill. Jen, it might have been you and little Joe and little Lou.

"The woman stooped and took up something She was kissing the dirt. Then she picked up a broken shovel she had brought with her and began to dig like mad.

"Believe me, there's something in it. If I don't come home out of the fight to-morrow morning, take the insurance and get a door-step and a door-sill for you and little Joe and little Lou. Get a door-step and a door-sill that is your own. And if I do come home I am meaning to get a door-step that is our own just the same.

"WILLY, (PRIVATE W. MILLIGAN)."

When Jenny had read it, she handed it to the Home Service worker. She was weeping and her throat and young bosom heaving

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At the Red Cross Fronts

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S CARRIAGE AMBULANCE

THIS photograph was brought to the Red Cross Magazine by Mrs William S Thompson of New York. Mrs Thompson was visiting friends near Florence Nightingale's old home in Derbyshire, and found the photograph there

From the Land of the Dakotas

IF IT were possible to gather the countless letters that have been passing back and forth on this continent, what a picture they would present of a nation heart and soul in pursuit of a lofty purpose. Unfortunately it is only by random chance that one gets an occasional bit of the intimate writings of that great, silent, steady, common people whose patience and courage make America. By such a chance this letter written to a friend by an Indian woman in South Dakota has been rescued:

"We are working hard to try to get a good garden in. My man has a big field to work. Its 180 acres and him and oldest son use to work together. But son went and enlist in army of 14 day of June 1917. He said he didn't believe in draf and want to *enlist*. He said he ask us this four times, so findly his Father let him, and he is now in Baltimore, Maryland. So think he won't be very long going across. And all that time he write good letters home—never homesick letter; but he wishes go 'cross sooner. So all in this it give us brave hearts, yet that the hardest thing happen to us, for he grow up to a man and help us out last way, and so proud of, and has to go to face so awful job. But after careful seen it over, he went to work for us all and all the people, and the country thought that a good work. So only way we cry for him is asking God to take care of him, to guide him so will keep in touch of his work, and if that his way of to leave. He shall save him and see the everlasting home. So we feel brave now.

We are not working in any Red Cross, but we give $137 to Red Cross. For I have a big family now to look after, and in my heart wish to do work in Red Cross, and if we get a good crop again this fall, we may put some money; for my husband believes to help in good work and must give back some which he earn or raise that God give us."

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120,000 Glasses of Guava Jelly for our Soldiers

MR. OTIS H. CUTLER, the Manager of the 14th Division, has received this letter from Porto Rico. The work of supplying 120,000 glasses of jelly and marmalade for the comfort of our wounded soldiers in France shows such understanding of the Red Cross problems and such thought and sympathy for the soldiers that we gladly add this letter with its further details.

MY DEAR MR. CUTLER:

It was a very great pleasure to me to be able to cable to you yesterday that our shipment of guava jelly and marmalade consisting of 30½ tons,—the equivalent of 120,000 glasses,—which constitutes the new donation from the Porto Rico Chapter of the American Red Cross for the relief and comfort of our sick and wounded soldiers in the Red Cross hospitals of France, had left Porto Rico on the steamship *Coamo* which sailed from San Juan on November 5th. This splendid donation from our Chapter is the result of the annual work of the "Fruit Preserve Auxiliary" after an active campaign which lasted about two months. In answer to calls for help we received generous donations of money and sugar. The Central Aguirre Company presented to us the magnificent amount of 35,000 pounds of sugar of the best quality. We succeeded in securing what we considered an ample supply of sanitary one-gallon tin-cans for packing the product, but this supply was entirely exhausted before we finally finished our work.

Mr. Samuel C. Bothwell, the former secretary of the Porto Rico Chapter of the Red Cross was most devoted and faithful in carrying out the work as Acting Chairman of the Auxiliary, and the operations of the factory were again carried on under the personal direction of Mrs. Hartzell.

Part of the thirty tons of jelly which was sent from Porto Rico to France with Mrs. Charles Hartzell in the foreground

Go gle

The gratitude of the Red Cross Society is certainly due to the "Scoville Company" which generously turned over free of charge, its excellent pineapple canning plant on the road to Carolina, and to the force of employees and experts of the factory who labored faithfully and diligently in the operations carried on for the Red Cross. The services of Mr. David Beaman, the Manager of the Scoville Plant, must be most gratefully acknowledged.

Through the united efforts of all who contributed in time, work, and materials, we are able to send to our heroic soldiers who are now in the care of the great Red Cross mother, either as sick or wounded in the hospitals of France, this splendid evidence of the love and affection of the people of Porto Rico for the American soldiers, and thus prove the loyalty and generosity and Americanism of the whole population of our island.

The high appreciation of the earlier services of our "Fruit Preserve Auxiliary" was shown by the earnest call from the Red Cross authorities in France for new donations of guava jelly, which fortunately were received just at the moment when we were about to send forward this large new supply of Porto Rico favorite "dulce."

Very truly,
CHAS. HARTZELL,
Chairman.

Maurice, the Dancer, Adopts a Belgian Child

By Elizabeth H. Gregory

Maurice, the dancer (on the left) and the little one-armed Belgian girl whom he has adopted

MAURICE MOUVET, the famous dancer, one of the first to abandon his profession for war service and now with the American Red Cross in Paris, has become the foster parent of a six-year-old Belgian girl, whose right arm was blown off by a German bomb, which killed the mother at the same time. Maurice was detailed at the Gare du Nord to single out the arrivals in need of assistance and among these was the pretty golden-haired girl with her father, who had fled from the Belgian village after it had been shelled by German bombs. The unhappy condition of the child and the grief of the father called for more than ordinary sympathy and after listening to the story of the German cruelties Maurice determined to give them personal help. He found employment for the father and as soon as the little girl was sufficiently strong she was taken to southern France and placed in a school. Maurice will superintend her welfare until she is enabled to earn a living with the one arm.

Although an American by birth Maurice is of Belgian origin. His father was born in Liége. His brother, Corporal Oscar Mouvet, wears a *Croix de Guerre* and six of eleven other relatives in the service have given their lives. Maurice first went to Paris as an ambulance driver and through his generosity six ambulances were added to the service. In addition to this with his wife, Miss Florence Walton, he gave entertainments, the proceeds going to the cause.

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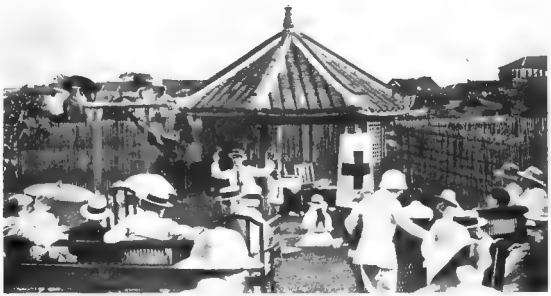
Red Cross Work in Changsha, China



THE members of the Yale Mission in Changsha, which maintains seven doctors, a medical school and a training school for nurses, are enthusiastic workers for the Red Cross. Here is one of the Mission acting as auctioneer and offering an antique incense burner for the Red Cross drive

RED CROSS posters at the corner of one of the principal streets in Changsha. By buying stamps at ten cents each the Chinese helped to build up the $1,000 given to the American Red Cross by Changsha

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Korea Makes $20,500 for Red Cross Drive

By Gladys Worley Parker

YOU people back home seem to think we Americans in Korea aren't worth paying attention to. No one has asked us to buy so much as a Thrift Stamp."

This is the plaint that comes over the sea from Korea. No campaign for Liberty Bonds or War Saving Stamps has been organized among Americans there, and they were feeling slighted. They felt left out in the Crusade for Right, even though many of them had brothers and sons in France. They wanted to show their personal patriotism.

The majority of Americans in Korea were members of the local Red Cross. Six months ago they bought an ambulance and sent one of the American boys over to France to drive it. But that was a trifle compared to what they wanted to do, once true patriotism began to burn hot in their veins. So in the spring of 1918 they organized for a whirlwind campaign. The object was to get subscriptions and monthly pledges, and to make every one of the six hundred and fifty American men, women, and children in Korea a member of the Red Cross. They knew, if the people back home didn't that Americans in Korea, even the missionaries, have money.

As in Red Cross work in the United States, where quasi-class distinctions are ignored in the bigger task of saving our boys, and where the lady in silk will sit and fold bandages next to the woman in cotton and imitation lace; so in Korea, political and religious differences were forgotten at the time of the drive.

Dr. Noble, a Methodist missionary is President. His drive committee was composed of the manager of the Standard Oil Co., the Vice-Consul, and the wife of a mining capitalist. The sub-committee, who did the advertising and planned ways and means, was as heterogeneous a group as the other. On it was a Methodist missionary, a miner, and the wife of a business man.

It was decided to give a series of concerts in three of the largest American colonies. The "talent" was local and decidedly cosmopolitan in character. Five Americans, two English, and one Australian made up the party of entertainers. And the audiences were not less cosmopolitan. Americans, Japanese, Chinese and Koreans were out in the greatest numbers, but there were sprinklings of seven other nationalities.

The three concerts had been given, and the "talent" returned to Seoul, the capital of Korea for the last night of the drive. It was a night of great excitement for before the audience broke up returns began to come in from all over the country. When the results of the week's work were in, it was found that $20,500 had been raised. Methodist missionaries came in with a 100 per cent membership.

"We'll beat this record when the next drive comes along" is the word that comes over from loyal Americans in Korea now.

Putting Red Cross interests before their own, these loyal people in Korea entertained large audiences and charmed away $20,500 for war work

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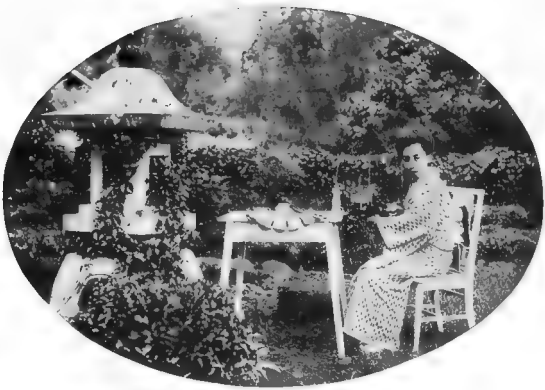
The Red Cross on a Sugar Plantation in Hawaii

By Cyril Smith



An expert machine knitter of socks in Hawaii—and some of her work

THE plantation I visited is on one of the most remote of the Hawaiian Islands—the island of Kauai—yet the system inaugurated for the successful carrying on of Red Cross Work was as perfect as in a city, most of the work being accomplished by the plantation "hands":—Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, Hawaiian and others, all vying in friendly rivalry to accomplish the best work and excel all other competing nationalities.

When we entered the plantation Red Cross building all were hard at work,—no talking, no unnecessary noise of any kind, but each working for all she was worth. The bandage cutting machine, the invention of the local Mill Superintendent was constantly busy, saving many hands, or rather freeing them for other work, as also was the press, invented by the same engineer. On into the Storage Room surrounded by cupboards and chests of drawers in which are placed the finished supplies ready for packing. From this, opened the machine room where sewers were busy guiding the rapidly moving work through the electric sewing machines. No drudgery here, merely a pressure of foot on control, a hand to guide the work accurately, and a steady stream of the finished product poured forth from under the hands of the dozen or more workers.

But all the workers cannot come to headquarters, mothers have little ones to nurse, children are too frail for the long distances,—sometimes twelve and fourteen miles, so sub-units are formed, and the work carried on there as perfectly as at headquarters. Nor is this all,—house after house is the home of a worker, unable even to get to a sub-unit, so cars are sent around weekly to gather up the finished work.

And those children, Japanese, Chinese, Hawaiian and Portuguese, how they do work! One day when I was there a little girl brought in her first sweater. "What of that?" I hear you say. True, but she was not yet seven years old. How you would have enjoyed watching those children's classes.

And what a wonderful example of unselfishness these Oriental women set. Up at four in the morning each week day to prepare breakfast and lunch at one and the same time, then off to the fields and at work there by 6 o'clock, keeping everlastingly at it until four or half-past, with the evening meal to cook on arriving home. Would you, after six days of this, walk four, six, even eight miles to give freely of your services on the seventh for those who had so often called you the Yellow Peril and done everything within their power to keep you out of the United States?

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From Headquarters to You

The American Red Cross Women's Club

OUR first winter of the war found Washington crowded to the doors with war workers. Morning and evening, Connecticut Avenue, Sixteenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue were flooded from curb to curb with a human river that had its sources in every state in the Union. The cavernous offices swallowed the never-ending stream from Union Station and asked for more.

To the new comers daily life was bound to be on an unnatural plane. With the best intentions in the world, the original inhabitants could not absorb half their number of strangers. Street cars, shops, restaurants, movies, all public facilities were strained to the limit. Not the least of the sacrifices laid on the high altar of ultimate victory has been the tremendous sum total of discomfort, nerve fag, and loneliness of the war worker in Washington.

The great war has taught us social self expression. Millions of dollars given out of hand attest our national faith in the power of morale. To those who had the welfare of office work at heart as well as to those who stood in endless lines waiting for food or service or amusement, the smooth adjustment of living conditions and the addition of a magic modicum of fun became a matter of personal interest. The *Comédie Humaine* of the Washington war worker, at once a pathetic and humorous figure, is yet to be written, but the solution of the personal problem of the Red Cross may help other pioneering experimenters.

The women of the Red Cross did not wait to be "welfared." They took up their own battle and forged a mighty weapon against homesickness and attendent evils—the American Red Cross Women's Club.

On April 15, 1918, a little group of Red Cross women met at Headquarters to discuss the possibilities of a social club for the workers at National, Potomac Division and District of Columbia Chapter Headquarters. The Clubhouse was formally opened on June first and six months later it embraced four large houses and had become home or playground to 300 active members. The Club is backed by the whole organization from the War Council down. Cretonne, flowers, linoleum, blankets, and cigarettes for the soldier guests flow in from interested friends. No men, not even department heads, can be active members, but they come regularly to club parties and the fifty who are subscribing members are frequently seen at dinner or in the pool room. The success of the Club is firmly rooted in three great essentials—sleep, food, and play. It can house 100 girls in what, by congested Washington's standards, is luxury. Daily 125 "café-weary" people sit down at the flower-decked gray tables in the

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Club dining room. Fifteen dollars a month for bed and twenty-five for board are not moderate prices to pay for "home" and freedom.

Despite its popularity, the Club preserved sufficient elasticity to take care of emergency cases. The "transient beds" were frequently occupied by newcomers still bewildered in the face of congestion and high prices. The seal of high approval was placed upon this aspect of the Club's work when the War Council requested and backed the addition of three more residence houses. These were secured just as the influenza epidemic struck Washington in full force and one of them was promptly transformed into an emergency hospital for Red Cross workers until the plague was conquered.

In its more frivolous aspects the Club is quite as successful as it has been in providing "a place to eat and a place to sleep." The clubhouse boasts plenty of play-space: wide reception rooms, the pool room below stairs, the ball room above. The victrola is always on duty, the caterer and a three-man orchestra are within reach. Friends of individual members or of the Red Cross in general have learned to drop in at the Club in search of someone to play with. French and Spanish classes are established for those who would learn, and outdoor games for those who would keep fit. Recently the Club has opened its door to the men taking reconstruction courses at Walter Reed Hospital; these parties are proving to the wounded Yanks that they can have just as good a time as they did before the war.

The most significant fact about the Club, however, is that it is run entirely by committees elected from the active members. This of course does not apply to the details of housekeeping, which are managed by a most efficient "houstess." The policies, expenditures and activities of the organization are directed by the Governing Board and the four standing committees on Finance, Membership, Home and Entertainment.

The American Red Cross Women's Club was created and is maintained by the very people whom it serves. And it is this fundamentally sound feature that makes it worthy of note wherever two or three (or two or three hundred) working women are gathered together and need a place wherein to live and enjoy liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

QUERIES FROM THE WORK ROOM

Why do we sew hundreds of tiny labels into the Red Cross garments? Isn't it a waste of time and money that might be put on more vital work? On a layette this would mean 32 labels.

HURRIED AND WORRIED SOME

These labels "From the American Red Cross" were ordered by the Foreign Commissions, and since the garments go around the world, and may finally be used in Italy, France, England, or the Far East, it means much to say to these thousands of foreign people, "The Red Cross wishes you well and sends this proof of it." To our own men an article "Made in America" is doubled in value; to others it carries a message of brotherhood and disinterested aid. The label identifies shipments on the one hand, and on the other it symbolizes a great organization, thousands of miles away, planning to meet the recipient's special need.

The garment gives material comfort, the label carries a heartening assurance of the resources and sustained solicitude back of the gift. As for the layette, only 6 of the 32 pieces carry the label, and it is all the more important, now that the Red Cross itself, which formerly adorned the garments, is no longer used.

Are these things worth the sewing on of a label? It is like the card of greeting that goes with a gift. Would you leave it out?

Why, oh why were the pajamas made for giants in the beginning and when they were sensibly made smaller why were all sorts of other minor details, which the women had mastered, varied just enough to make them confusing?

A CHAPTER CAPTAIN

At first pajamas were too large. They were copies of models sent over from France, and these models had been prepared with the general idea that it was easier for a small man to accommodate himself to a large garment than vice versa. Also, in the case of bandages on wounds looseness of the garments was manifestly desirable. When we revised our patterns we made them conform to the models used by the Medical Department of the Army.

Alterations in the measurements of the pajamas were necessary in order to accord with the specifications sent from the office of the Surgeon General when the American Red Cross began to fill orders for that Department, and the "minor details" referred to were based on the desire to economize material to the greatest possible extent, and to simplify and standardize the manufacture of the garments, as experience had proved that work could thereby be saved and a better article produced in the aggregate. This means saving hundreds of thousands of dollars and many hours of labor, and unquestionably warrants the changes.

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Strong Life—Long Life

The whole American people has a fresh, a renewed interest in bodily health and strength. We have seen our boys increase their lung-power, heart-power, muscle-power by the discipline and work of camp and army life. We have seen civilian men and women grow stronger and more enduring under the duties, restrictions and personal service of war time. We more than ever realize that sound physical condition is the basis of enduring joy of life, that out of it come courage, self-direction, and satisfying efficiency in work and play.

This Department, limited as it has been because of the pressure of war material, will now have a chance to expand and be of greater service to us all. It is intended to give here, each month, interesting and authoritative information, advice, suggestion, out of the field of hygiene. We will welcome letters from readers telling of personal experiences in achieving health and strength. These may well be of service in editorial guidance. Some may be printed as stimulating examples. All letters used will be paid for.

The articles this month are all by Emily Frances Robbins, written before she went to France.

Weight and Appetite

"When the appetite is on, all his good resolutions go to the wind"

THE more weight one gains, the more food one must eat to sustain that weight, according to scientific investigations. Having established a new body weight, one has to eat an extra amount of food to maintain it.

This fact probably accounts for the difficulty some people have in reducing their weight. When they try to cut down their ration to the quantity which they took in their slim days, their systems are not satisfied and cry for food. The craving may be so intense that the person with a will not overstrong will yield to it.

One of the first steps in the treatment of obesity is, therefore, the mental condition. The food craving will not die all at once, and means must be found to occupy the mind with some other interest. A mental attitude must be achieved in which it is more fun to be normal weight than it is to eat. In due time, the appetite will subside to normal.

When the appetite has been reduced as much as possible, it should be satisfied with food that contains few units of nourishment. All food is fattening in the sense that it contains elements capable of contributing to fat. But some foods are more fattening than others because they possess these elements in greater quantity. Bread and butter are more fattening than potato, in equal quantity, although each contains starch. Dairy butter is more fattening than peanut butter, in equal quantity, although each contains a large amount of fat.

The consumption of so-called hearty foods—meat, fish, cheese, eggs, etc.—should not be interfered with in losing weight. They should be taken in minimum quantities, a small serving not oftener than once a day, whether the person is fat or thin. But the fats and sweets should be withdrawn from the diet, as they are nourishment in concentrated form, and fresh vegetables, greens, and fruits substituted.

The summer is a good time to commence reducing because of the abundance of vegetables and fruit. Potatoes, asparagus, string beans, spinach, lettuce, celery, cabbage, onions, strawberries, peaches, all belong in the menu of the fat man or woman.

The person who has established the habit of overeating often has an impelling appetite for food that can be likened, in less degree, to the craving of the drunkard for liquor. When the appetite is on, all his good resolutions go to the winds. For this reason, it is well to try to cope with it by degrees, coaxing it down by gradual stages.

War Not Bad for Nerves and Mind

A STUDY made of the mental condition of people constantly subjected to the menace of air raids has shown that the raids did very little harm. Dr. Percy Smith, of England, has made a special study among civilians of mental disorders in connection with the war, and has come to the conclusion that the war is not responsible for any great amount of new insanity. "The stress or stresses have merely affected those who were weakened by heredity, previous attacks, or by some predisposing instability, and who might

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"The healing power of work"

have broken down in any case," is the summary of his findings.

On the other hand, Dr. Smith observes that many people who would have become ill from nervous and mental troubles, if we had not had war, have been restored to health by the added employment which the war has brought about. This has been due to increased income and to the healing power ofw ork for many types of mental illness. He believes that the net result of war, as far as mental health goes, is a strengthening of the individual constitution throughout the nation.

Dr. Smith's studies simply point again to the truth, which constantly reasserts itself. That special breakdowns are not sudden conditions, but rather the manifestation of long-standing illnesses, largely within an individual's control, and that wholesome employment is always a mental blessing.

Sudden mental strains, from air raids or other war perils, as also the common crises of ordinary living, bankrupt the health account only when the constitution is at a low ebb, or has been drained by wrong habits of living. Additions to or subtractions from the health account are constantly made by our living habits.

Extravagance in health, as in money, means ultimate poverty and embarrassment for funds at some critical moment when they are needed. Conservation of health, like conservation of financial resources, means future security. "Saving for a rainy day" applies with greater wisdom to the mind and body than to the pocketbook.

"Just a Little Backache"

DR. SEVER, of Boston, has made a special study of "painful and irritable" backs. They may be grouped in several classes, Dr. Sever believes. The first class is composed of patients who have arthritis, or a gouty condition of the spine. It is not by any means rare. After a time the spinal vertebrae become fused and then the direct cause of the pain, namely motion between the painful surfaces, is eliminated. The arthritis is likely to show itself in other regions of the body, also. Foci of infection must be searched out, the diet and exercise regulated, and in extreme cases mechanical devices, such as plaster jackets and canvas corsets, resorted to.

The second class of "back" patients includes the people who have falls down stairs, tumbles from an automobile or given their backs a sudden wrench when bending over or when lifting something heavy. Similar mechanical devices are generally effective in these cases.

A third class of patients is that of women who have displacements of the pelvic organs. Corrective operations often entirely relieve the backache. These operations are liable to fail if the woman has a faulty, round-shouldered posture. Often the pelvic disturbances are directly due to these postures, and may be corrected without operation by inducing the patient to stand straight and properly developing the musculature that keeps her body in an upright position.

The so-called "carrying posture" is a good example of a poor standing position, Dr. Sever says. He calls attention to the fact that when the body stands in a normal position, the centre of gravity is so placed that the weight is borne by the bones. In faulty posture, the weight is borne by muscles that were not intended for such use, and strain results. Poorly nourished people often stand with a slight lateral curvature and a rounded back and shoulders. Obese individuals lean back to balance themselves and constantly put extra work on back muscles, tiring them out and stretching the back ligaments.

A defective condition of the cord of the heel is responsible for some of the cases of backache, Dr. Sever maintains. He prescribes exercises that relieve the "woodeny" feeling in the legs and restore the heel condition to normal. His findings are significant of the importance of wearing shoes with sensible heels.

There is no need of enduring a constant backache. A full physical examination and an X-ray should disclose the foundation of the trouble.

"Obese individuals lean back to balance themselves and put extra work on back muscles"

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Katrinka Enlists in the Home Defense

A cartoon by Fontaine Fox

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After a demonstration the powerful Katrinka has been appointed chief stretcher bearer of the Local Home Defense

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Getting the Boys Across

By Edward Hungerford

Illustrations by J. O. TODAHL

WE HAVE heard much in the past eighteen months of the "bridge of ships" across the Atlantic—how it was, and still is, the vital link in the winning of the war. For now we know that in all the history to warfare there never has been a military accomplishment to be ranked anywhere alongside the very thing that the United States—the peace-loving, unmilitary United States, if you please—has just accomplished. In a little over one year we have organized and despatched, across the 3,000 miles of the broad Atlantic that intervene between the shores of France and our own ports, more than 2,000,000 fighting men. Compared with this, the accomplishments of Napoleon—heretofore recognized as the world's greatest military genius—even his successful crossing of the Alps and his unsuccessful expedition into Russia, are as mere child's play.

To move this mighty army of ours overseas, a transportation organization, mightier than the world has ever before seen, was upbuilded almost overnight. Great ships, flying the American flag and the flags of our Allies, were taken over—thank Heaven the stout trans-Atlantic competition of the past two decades had given us upon the North Atlantic a plentitude of good ships and big—and a little later there was added to these the 675,000 tons of German and Austrian ships—109 vessels in all which had interned here at the beginning of the war This very good beginning was increased steadily month by month by the products of the American shipyards, working under a pressure never before known, until to-day our American tonnage alone—the greater part of it in transatlantic service—is well in excess of 8,000,000 tons, of which a goodly portion is used for the carrying of men, the remainder for their supplies and munitions of every sort. And because ships must have their piers and ports—the trans-Atlantic "bridge" its abutments—whole regiments of trained engineers and skilled workmen were despatched to France only a few weeks after we first entered the war; and there upon its west coast they builded ports which, for immediate efficiency if not for beauty or for permanence, have never been equalled in Europe—or for that matter, anywhere else—while in this country our own ports were being made ready for the great strain of embarkation about to be put upon them.

Obviously the port of New York would have to bear the largest part of this strain. Not only is it by all odds the best equipped of our American harbors, its trunk-line railroad facilities the most abundant and the most varied, but it is a fact not generally known that one-tenth of the American Army overseas has come from a radius of about 150 miles around about the New York City Hall, while one-sixteenth are from the metropolitan district of New York City and the New Jersey municipalities closely adjacent to it. Other American ports also have rendered yeoman service in getting our men and supplies overseas—notably those of Newport News, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Boston in the United States, and St. Johns, Halifax, and Quebec in Canada. Still others under other circumstances might have been of great help—dock for

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dock and pier for pier we have no better ports anywhere than those of Savannah, New Orleans, and Galveston, to make three specific instances. But the problem of convoy—of safety for our boys on the way overseas—entered into the reckoning. It made it highly advisable that the ports of embarkation be concentrated as far as possible and, also as far as possible, kept within a reasonably short distance of France and England and Italy.

[1] There has been a rather general impression that the Navy had the job of taking our boys overseas. That is far from true. The Navy did not have the job; it did not even boss the job of paying the bills. The transport problem is an Army problem—the particular job of the Army Transport Service which, in turn, is a valuable part of the Army organization. Not that I would detract, for an instant, from the value of the service which the Navy has rendered in this emergency; for in turn it has been invaluable. It has been the task of the Josephus Daniels Organization to police the transport service; to furnish not alone the battleships and cruisers and destroyers to accompany the ships overseas but, upon the transports themselves, the guns and the gunners for their own defense. In many cases it has furnished the navigating officers and crews as well. The Navy has met its task to the last detail, and more. And we must not forget the tremendous help of the British navy and the British merchant marine.

When the German commanders and crews gave up the vessels which they had watched in American harbors for two and a half years and marched away to internment camps, they did their best to ruin them. Hammers and mauls and sledges—in some few cases dynamite as well—were used to crack cylinders and steam-chests; bolts and nuts were thrust into turbines and into cylinders; indicators reversed; important pipe connections cut; and fire-extinguishers were filled with gasolene and shavings. Of these more or less hurried injuries the first were by far the most serious. The Germans knew that engine parts of brass or steel could be easily welded together again; they felt, however, that broken cast-iron parts—cylinders and steam-chests and the like—could be replaced only by making entire new castings—a fearfully slow and expensive process.

For once, then, count the boasted German efficiency as *nil*. We have been welding cast-iron here for fifteen years or more—by the comparatively simple process of using an alloy metal, generally steel, between the two broken cast-iron parts. It is a process never before used in marine engineering, although for a long time it has been a familiar one in our larger railroad shops. And expert welders from these shops—men skilled, also, in the delicate handling of the oxy-acetylene jet or the electric-welding arc—were hurriedly recruited by the Navy Department and set to work upon the engines of the huge *Leviathan* (formerly the *Vaterland*) and her sister ships which were needed at once for the transport service. They made quick work of the engine repairs—[Berlin and Hamburg and Bremen papers please copy!] It may be well for German engineering experts to know that cast-iron *can* be welded. And so swiftly did our boiler-makers do their part of the job that the "made-in-Germany" boilers that had been utterly ruined by "dry-firing"—a damage not to be repaired by any mechanical process whatsoever—had been entirely replaced by the time the welders had finished. Nor is this all.

"Hammers and mauls and sledges were used to crack cylinders and steam-chests"

The Government officer who convoyed the chief engineer of the old *Vaterland* to his first internment, on Ellis Island, asked him frankly what he had done to try to ruin her engines. He, in return, was equally frank, even though he laughed in his captor's face.

"Ruin her?" he roared. "*Mein Gott*, she was ruined before she finished her first trip across the Atlantic. Ruin her? There never has been a time since she touched the water first when she hasn't been ruined. I will take off my hat to any American engineer who will ever get her across the ocean again."

He spoke the truth. The *Vaterland*, as her German builders had turned her out, was a dismal failure. [Berlin and Hamburg and Bremen please copy once again.] She had made but two and a half trips up to time of her internment, and was

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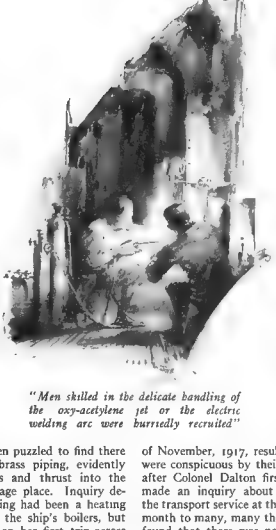
to go into dry dock upon her next return to Hamburg. She has four great propellors, and two giant high-speed turbine engines for each of them. Of these eight engines, five were out of order and use on her last trip across the Atlantic under German control. Only three of the "go ahead" engines would operate; while all four of the reversing turbines were utterly useless. So that, despite her rating of twenty-four knots an hour, she had difficulty, even in good weather, in making twenty.

Yet within a matter of less than three months after they first stepped aboard the ships, the experts of the Navy Department had sent her on a trial trip to Cuba and had returned her—in the hands of a green crew—at a speed of twenty-three and three-quarter knots, and this without great pressure upon her engines. And they had done much more. For when these experts first had descended into the *Vaterland's* hold they had been puzzled to find there many hundreds of feet of brass piping, evidently disconnected from her engines and thrust into the hold for lack of a better storage place. Inquiry developed the fact that this piping had been a heating system for the water-feed of the ship's boilers, but so poorly devised was it that on her first trip across the Atlantic the chief engineer cut it out and threw it away. Thereafter they got along without a heating-system for their feed-water and so cut down the efficiency of the ship very radically. Yankee engineers installed a heating system that was both simple and good and thus restored and greatly added to the engine-power of the vessel. Mile for mile or day for day she never even began to make the record in her five single trips of German operation that she has made in her more than thirty trips of American. And that is almost equally true of the showing made by her sister ships which we took over when once we were active partners in the war. Talk about German efficiency! It is and was just bluff and lies and propaganda.



"Men skilled in the delicate handling of the oxy-acetylene jet or the electric welding arc were hurriedly recruited"

So much for the Navy, now come back with me, if you will, to the Army.

On the first day of November, 1917, a man walked into an office in downtown New York and took charge of the Government operation of the port. His was to be a big job—something like taking hold of the railroad terminal of Belfast, Maine, or Greenport, Long Island, and overnight fitting it for the traffic of Grand Central Station, New York. The man was not a transportation specialist. He was a Regular Army colonel, by name A. C. Dalton, a line officer who not only had had much experience in the Quartermaster Corps, but who had risen in the fighting service since first he was a private in the ranks at Miles City, Montana, in the late '80's. But what Colonel Dalton lacked in experience as a transportation man he long since had gained as an executive. He was known in the Army as one who makes good. And in five days he had laid out a plan for the operation of the port of New York through the war crisis—a plan which, after a year of terrific test, still holds good.

His title was General Superintendent of the Army Transport Service at New York, but he is not the sort of man who worries very much about titles. He is far more apt to be particular about results. On the first of November, 1917, results at the port of New York were conspicuous by their absence. Within six hours after Colonel Dalton first had come to his desk he made an inquiry about coal—the coal demands of the transport service at that port are vast, running each month to many, many thousands of tons. He quickly found that there was no coal on hand and hopeless congestion threatened—that ships whose cargoes were infinitely necessary to the conduct of the war overseas were being hopelessly and needlessly delayed, while more cargoes piled upon the docks for more ships which were unable to reach them.

That was not the sort of service that Pershing needed. No one knew that better than Dalton. In twenty-four hours he had eased the coal situation and was ready for another. There were plenty of them to claim his attention—and above and beyond them all the imminent necessity of making an organization adequate to meet all the necessities and growth of the rapidly expanding port. That organization he perfected in five days, please remember. And as I have just told you, it still holds firm. Also the personnel which Colonel Dalton—Brigadier-General Dalton by this time—chose for his assistants has remained unchanged—almost without exception.

In November, 1917, the Government port facilities at New York consisted of six docks—four new and two very old—at Hoboken, formerly the property of the two great German trans-Atlantic lines which had their terminals there. To-day one year later there are

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thirteen great piers in government service at Hoboken, to say nothing of two upon the North River front of Manhattan and eight at the Bush Terminal in South Brooklyn. And this, too, takes no account of the vast structures which the Government has builded back of the former German piers—the reconstruction of the Hoboken Shore Railroad, which gives direct connection between the piers and the trunk-line railroads that have their terminals near by—nor of the huge ten-story concrete warehouses, each as large as a city block, now approaching completion in South Brooklyn; nor of the temporary city of warehouses upon the treeless portion of Governor's Island. Any one of these enterprises, in itself, would be a vast port development. In fact, it looked as if the Bush Terminal, when the Government took it over ten months ago, had almost reached the limit of growth. Yet the new buildings being completed there will almost double its already vast storage capacity.

Great as has been the growth in equipment facilities, the personnel has had to keep pace with it—in a year it has multiplied ten times. When Colonel Dalton first came to the job at New York, he wrote and asked the shipping heads to meet and confer with him. They did so, and to them the port chief told the great necessities of the situation — how New York was and would remain the chief port of embarkation and how New York was not then functioning properly as a port. He put the problem in their hands. The result was the immediate creation of a port committee, working for and under the Army Transport Service, to subordinate all the private business of the port to the work of transporting troops and their supplies overseas. And so well has this part of the Dalton plan worked that similar port committees have been organized for the other important embarkation points in this country, each with its civilian director.

"Ruin her?" he roared. "Why, she was ruined before she finished her first trip across the Atlantic"

In New York John H. Thomas is the civilian director of shipping and he is a man after Dalton's own heart and frame In addition to working with and under the Army Transport Service, he is connected with the workings of the United States Shipping Board, which has quite a large finger in the pie Mr. Thomas's particular job is the prompt movement of the Army freight and munition supplies overseas—which, of itself, is so big a story, that I shall not even attempt it here. It is enough to say that, because of Mr. Thomas's abilities and energies in adding him of the freight end of the problem, Colonel Dalton was enabled to get the men to Pershing when Pershing needed them the most.

That is what interests all of us most to-day—your boys and my boys—their safe passage over the dangerous ocean and their safe return soon. It was the big part of Dalton's job to get these boys embarked—the Army Transport and the Naval protection did the rest. And because it was such a really big job—300,000 men a month, and the greater part of them from the port of New York—was why it needed such careful planning —and coordination, too.

For there were times—many times at first—when the things did not want to coordinate. Rival stevedore contractors and dredging firms seemed unwilling at times to drop their rivalries in the face of seemingly rich government contracts. Dalton got them together in cooperative committees and made them forget their rivalries and the possibilities of fat government contracts. That was his job, and he lived up to it, and a considerable distance beyond. And when the stevedores themselves began quarreling he got them together —in a great meeting in Tammany Hall, in Fourteenth Street. This meeting had as its chief speaker a stout-hearted, reddish-haired infantry colonel who had moved into New York from the plains for but one purpose and that purpose to get the troops to Pershing. He did not mince words. He told the stevedores that baling-hooks in use here meant bayonets in use over there.

"No baling-hooks, no bacon, no bayonets!" he shouted from the platform of Tammany Hall. And the crowd "got" him This has been called a rich man's war—I have called it that myself, and perhaps already am ashamed of the phrase. For it is a poor man's war as well; the stevedores that night replying to Dalton's urge with a roar proved that beyond the peradventure of a doubt. To-day they call that thing "morale," and recognize it down at Washington by the distinction of a War Department branch, with a brigadier general at its head. But no matter what you call it, it is one of the big things that has helped win the war for us.

To get the boys safely overseas and in great quantities it was recognized from the first that it would be quite impossible to bring them from camps and cantonments, inland and distant, in the exact numbers that would fill the ships that would be ready to sail when the boys reached the shore In order constantly

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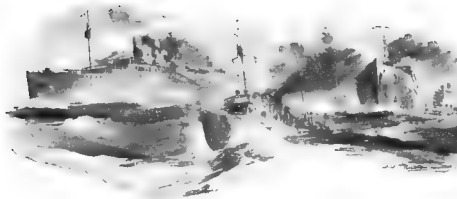

"Great ships flying the American flag and the flags of our Allies were taken over—Thank heaven! the stout trans-Atlantic competition of the past two decades had given us a plenitude of good ships and big"

to correct and adjust the flow from the camps to the embarkation ports with that from the embarkation ports overseas, reservoir camps were established near the largest of these ports. The greatest camp of those designed especially for the purpose was near Englewood, a few miles back of Hoboken, and at Newport News. In addition to which Camp Mills, at Garden City, Long Island, and large portions of the great cantonments of Upton, Dix, Devens, and Lee were also set aside for embarkation service.

In its ordinary workings the process of sending a boy overseas became simplicity itself. From time to time the battalion commander of one of the large camps or cantonments would be called upon by the commanding officer at the port of embarkation who, in turn, was working with the Adjutant General at Washington—the official touching point in this country with General Pershing overseas—for details of men, of this branch of the service or of that, to-day possibly five hundred, to-morrow five thousand. In the meantime the quartermaster or chief transportation officer at the camp had advised the resident representative of the Troop Moving Section of the United States Railroad Administration that a certain number of cars, of designated types, must be ready at the appointed time for the movement of a definite number of troops. The next move was on the part of the Railroad Administration official, who immediately placed himself in touch with the local operating officers of the nearby railroads. To them he told the needs and the route for the troop movement.

It did not matter if the railroad was short of equipment. It must get it. It did not matter if the railroad was short of certain types of equipment and perhaps long on other types. It must furnish the designated cars—passenger coaches, tourist or standard sleepers, baggage cars, or freight—and always in the exact number and proportion demanded. That was *its* job. The cars might be a full hundred miles away or more, but that made no difference to Uncle Sam. The railroad must produce them and produce them it always did, even though it often meant the sending of reams of telegrams and the movement of expensive "deadhead" trains. Nor was this all: The cars must be thoroughly cleansed, disinfected, and inspected, the cook or kitchen car and the baggage cars placed in their proper position in the train, and the train, with suitable locomotive and crew assigned, on the proper loading track in the camp, and all this before the appointed leaving hour.

While the railroad was moving to do its part, the names of the men selected to fill the detail were being sent by the battalion adjutant at camp headquarters to company commanders and they were being told off and notified to prepare themselves for transfer. They were cautioned to arrange all their clothing and to be sure to have their identification tags—the small metal disk which carries a man's individual number and which is worn about his neck or wrist at all times.

The trains that first carried the boys from the hands of the draft boards to camp were not always entirely military in character. I have ridden in several of them, and, while I can testify to the organization and discipline of that movement, it was as nothing in comparison with that which carried them from the camps to the ports of embarkation. In the former, the men were material for the making of soldiers—in the latter, they *were* soldiers. There was a vast difference. For instance on the trains that bore them into camp, the dining arrangements were varied and informal. They were fed as on other passenger trains—either at eating stations along the line or, in many cases, with dining cars devised for the prompt feeding of many hungry boys and men. But when they moved out from the camps and down toward the transports, they were soldiers—and fed themselves, as soldiers almost always do. The cook car was the mess shack on wheels. And rations are rations—whether they are cooked over an open fire in the field or upon a small but efficient cook-stove firmly imbedded in sand in the middle of a fast-whirling baggage car. Details of well-drilled soldier-waiters make quick work of bringing portions of hot soup or coffee or chow to hungry men the entire length of a long, long train. They are plain meals that they get on the way but almost invariably good—soup or meat stew, pork and beans or corned beef, army bread and butter, and plenty of coffee and jam.

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Jam is the one delicacy permitted upon a troop-train, and is much appreciated.

From time to time the troop-trains stopped and the boys detrained for half an hour or longer for a march or a short drill in calisthenics. Many an eastern town has had the thrill and excitement this summer of seeing whole regiments of men in khaki being marched through its quiet streets, perhaps in the early dawn or after dusk, while the tireless women of the local Red Cross have gathered at the railroad stations and given the soldiers cigars, cigarettes, gum, and candy and other delicacies.

Thus, in the memorable summer of 1918, troop-train after troop-train moved to the ports of embarkation, until the tired statisticians at Washington were able to estimate that the monthly average of men transported to the ports and to cantonments was well over 1,100,000. A million a month and more! And handled with a proportion of safety never before reached in the annals of American railroading. A million a month working more or less directly toward the entrance of the bridge across the Atlantic; and across that bridge, an average of 300,000 a month—until we could say that, in any one of the three midsummer months of June, July, and August, we had in thirty or thirty-one days transported and placed more men in France across our 3,000-mile bridge than England in the same time had carried over her thirty-mile span of the English Channel.

In one of those months 200 liners, each crowded to the guards with soldiers and their paraphernalia, left the port of New York and in a single twenty-four hours—from the dawn of one day until the dawn of the next—twenty-two liners, carrying 42,689 soldiers of the United States Army left the big North Atlantic ports from Baltimore to Quebec. Forty-two thousand men—in any other war save this, an army! To pack them closely in passenger cars, without their baggage, would take nearly six miles of passenger coaches, placed tightly end to end; to move them as soldiers move, with just their necessary paraphernalia, would take two to three times that length of train. To march them down Fifth Avenue, New York, or Michigan Avenue, Chicago, in ordinary regimental formation, would consume the better part of a day. And yet the embarkation and the tedious and dangerous job of starting such an army across the North Atlantic were but a day's work for the Army Transport Service!

Back of this problem of mere transportation are the allied ones of housing and feeding, for our boys must be as well fed upon shipboard as upon the trains, and must exercise and in every way be kept physically fit. In fact one of the large functions of the embarkation camps was the overseas reëxamination. If the men are found in the best condition, they go; otherwise, they are at once returned to the Development Battalion which is a factor in each of the camps, for proper medical treatment.

The average time which the men bound overseas were detained in the embarkation camps varied from three to ten days, depending upon the availability of the transports and other operating conditions. In addition to physical reëxaminations, there were the reexaminations of the man's rifle and marching equipment. And in order to relieve the freight end of the transport and Pershing's already overburdened shoulders, two new uniforms were allotted to him on this side of the water. The old uniforms were not thrown away. Salvage is a pet economy of our Army, and it is an easy matter to cleanse a uniform, disinfect it, and prepare it for issue to another recruit.

The embarkation camps were also the "farewell" camps for relatives and friends. It obviously was quite impracticable—well-nigh impossible, in fact—for the piers or transports to be crowded with folk waving farewells; it would have been a tremendous hindrance to the whole great business of embarkation. So, from the beginning, the Army put its foot down firmly on the practice and drew a line, hard and fast and without discrimination, against it, thereby proving once again that an Army, the most autocratic of organizations, easily may become the most democratic as well.

As this is being written, the armistice which marks the welcome and inevitable ending of the war is being signed. It is hardly conceivable to-day that any considerable additional number of soldiers will now be sent from the United States to France or the other Allied countries. But the problem of bringing back the boys looms large upon the horizon. It is not going to be a problem easy of solution. And yet shorn of two great factors of the transport of the boys toward the war—the necessity for the greatest speed and the menace of the submarine—it is bound to be a far simpler one. When the time comes for them to begin the long trek home, the Army Transport can be relied upon to deliver them safely. It proved that by the way it carried them across—in necessity and dire emergency and amid vast dangers. And it showed more; to my mind it showed that the marked genius of America for the solution of transportation problems a genius so often shown in times of peace—did not fail her in time of war; in the time of the most critical war that she has ever faced.

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The work of salvaging socks and sweaters has given employment to many women in France. In this old monastery building in Orleans one group of women has repaired 250,000 socks and 150,000 other garments in three months

The Saga of the Socks

The true story of the Grandmother-in-Chief to the American Expeditionary Forces

By Melville Chater

They salvaged them in southern France—a hugeous heap of socks
With heels and toes a-gaping so your Grandma'd throw a fit.
They weren't in nifty silks and lisles, with hand-embroidered clocks
But just the gray, old-fashioned kind said grandma used to knit.
For it's tramp, tramp, tramp the boys are marching,
(A thing which rips the toughest woolen socks),
And it's knit, you women, knit for the boy who does his bit
While you hearken to the Saga of the Socks

ARACHNE'S record of industry is outclassed. Penelope's continuous performance on the loom sinks into obscurity. New England knitting-bees are as nothing. The Saga of the Socks out-tops them all. Granted that army footwear contributes to victory, in Tours there is a band of old women who, like Madame DeFarge, are knitting a doomed man's name—William Hohenzollern's—into every twist and turn they give the woolen thread. It's a darning-bee that mounts into millions, and it happened in this wise:—

Howard Bacon, American Red Cross representative at Tours, had a tiny office in which to carry on the average Red Cross delegate's working day of twelve to fourteen hours. He had his problems fairly well in hand, and was sighing for more. For, like every good American, he fretted to be doing all sorts of vital things contributive to victory. The chance came in a sudden and staggering way.

One afternoon an officer of the United States Salvage

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Service stopped at Mr. Bacon's office for a war-topics chat -- of refugees, munition plants, and cabbages, and kings. Arising to go, he asked casually, "By the bye, I've got some socks that need darning. Can you Red Cross people help me out?" At this rather unusual request, Mr. Bacon stared.

"Socks?" he asked, "your own socks? Why, yes, I know an old woman who could manage it, no doubt."

The salvage officer smiled.

"Army socks," he explained. "Don't know how many there are yet, but I'll advise you later. We'll pay at the rate of twenty centimes a pair. Are you on?"

"Delighted!" said Mr. Bacon. And that evening he sent for old Mère Robin, and told her that she could turn a pretty penny by darning socks for some American boys.

There might be a whole week's work for her.

Next day, as Mr. Bacon sat in his tiny office, an army camion rolled up and two privates entered, carrying a stuffed gunny sack. They saluted. "Socks, sir!" said one. Cheerily Mr. Bacon told them to put the sack in the corner. They did so and departed, while the Red Cross delegate rubbed his hands to note that the sack was carded "100 pairs"—a fine week's work for old Mère Robin!

One of the grandmothers to the American Army at work

A woman of Orleans "carrying on" the work of American women

That afternoon the privates reappeared. "Socks, sir!" they announced, saluting. This time there were two sackfuls. Mr. Bacon stored them in another corner of his tiny office and called in a second old woman to help Mère Robin. By sunset the two had made fifteen francs between them. Again Mr. Bacon rubbed his hands. "A fine, patriotic work!" he chuckled.

But next morning he was again saluted by the two privates. "Socks, sir!" they announced. Mr Bacon looked outside and saw an army camion being unloaded at his door. He counted twenty-five sacks; then surveyed his office's modest dimensions, and whistled. "Bring 'em up!" he said rather wryly. Then he hurried off to secure five more old women to darn what now totalled 2,800 pairs of socks. By the day's end 245 pairs had been sorted, heeled, and toed. The Red Cross delegate—whose office was by now comfortably cramped found some relief in calculating that the job could not be finished in a fortnight.

But he was up against a Sisyphean task The next day brought once more those respectfully saluting privates and their sententious "Socks, sir!" This time the sackfuls were corded in big bales, ten to the camion. Mr Bacon beheld the spectacle of ten thousand army socks, and his brow became sweat-bathed. He put on his hat and hurried off for more old women

In the public square he encountered a string of three army camions headed for his office. The driver of the foremost, recognizing Mr. Bacon, saluted him. "Socks, sir!" he said respectfully.

With a wild gesture in the direction of his now hope-

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Pay day in Orleans. Many of these women earn from five to seven francs a day in their work of sating the socks

Bags of socks which have been mended by the women of Tours and Orleans on their way back to the American Army

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lessly swamped office, Mr. Bacon dashed off for Salvage Headquarters to stem this ruthless tide. Passing the freight yard, he saw a sergeant and five men unloading some box-cars. "My man," he commenced, "you're attached to Salvage H.Q., I believe?" Then he perceived what the soldiers were unloading. He staggered slightly, catching at the other's arm. "Sergeant, what —what does that line of box-cars contain?"

The sergeant saluted. "Socks, sir," he answered respectfully.

"Sergeant, this is too much." Mr. Bacon spoke firmly. "My office is already *oversocked*." (He meant overstocked, of course, but the other word had obsessed him). "Moreover, sergeant, there is not an inexhaustible number of old women in France. I'm a patriotic American—nobody more so—but there are limits. This *must* be stopped." The sergeant scratched his head.

"That's just the trouble, sir," he returned, "you can't stop army orders, once they're given, any more'n you can make a mill-wheel turn backwards. It just keeps on going and going, sir."

"Are there—are there more coming, sergeant?" Mr. Bacon spoke faintly. "Tell me the worst."

"I understood the captain to say, sir," replied the other, "that there's two million pairs."

The Red Cross delegate wandered off, stunned. Two million pairs of army socks! He tried to comprehend, to visualize it. He made fantastic calculations and found that, if laid end to end, the socks would reach once and a half times around the earth. Of a sudden, the whole dreadful truth dawned upon him. "Good Heavens!" he groaned, "I've been appointed grandmother-in-chief to the American Army!" And all that night long two demon privates pursued him through his dreams, saluting him with their respectful, "Socks, sir!"

How this Gargantuan problem would have been solved if it hadn't been for the Germans, only heaven knows. As usual, they blundered. Just when the American Army needed its socks darned, the Boche started a big push, and thereupon French refugees began fleeing southward. When Mr. Bacon received a wire from Red Cross headquarters: "Can you care for so-and-so many thousand *evacués?*" he glanced at his sock-smothered office, and murmured prayerfully, "*Can I?*"

Down came the refugees. He found them living-quarters, secured an old monastery, rent free, from the local authorities, turned it into workrooms, and put the refugees to heeling and toeing the two million pairs of socks in which our boys were to march to Germany.

Pick your way through the tortuous streets which girdle the fine, old fourteenth-century Cathedral of St. Gratien, and you will find yourself in the Rue de la Psallette where, in three big upper rooms of a one-time monastery, you will come upon a crowd of old refugee women, who sit recounting the hardships of their late evacuation, as they darn the socks of the American Army. "Every sock mended is a German ended"—that, or something like it, is the cheery motto which keeps their wrinkled old hands busy for eight hours a day.

Nobody but refugees need apply for this salvage work. The young girls sit in an adjoining corridor, opening the gunny sacks and mating the contents. The Army pays four cents a pair, supplies the wool, and has lately extended the work to include soldiers' underclothes and service shirts. Starting with 5,800 socks mended during the first week, the refugees soon were turning out from sixty to eighty thousand pairs a month, while their weekly payroll reached $1,300. The Red Cross delegate's records show that in three months he found employment for 688 people, while the success of the sock-darning bee is well illustrated in the fact that his food donations for the same period were practically nil.

So when next you encounter, among knitting circles, that old canard about army socks being thrown away after one wearing, just kill it with the above facts. The American Red Cross has hitched up America's knitting mothers to France's darning grandmothers. The Saga of the Socks is the international marching tune which helped to carry our boys to the Rhine.

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The March of the Red Cross

THE steamship *America* sank at her New Jersey dock with 10,000 cases of fruit jams——"

Thus began the story of a Red Cross bureau chief when he was asked about his job of looking after our soldiers in France.

"Of course," he added, "there were other things on the ship, such as sixty thousand packages of safety razors and blades, a vast quantity of tooth paste, and scores of thousands of hospital sheets. But the fruit jam was what mattered. Doesn't the American soldier crave sweets above all else at the canteen?

The news of the lost cargo, in due course, was cabled to France. Quickly a message came back:

"If impossible to procure jams ordered, make up the deficit with dried peaches and apricots, and we will manufacture jam here."

It was one incident among too many to record. But it typified a policy. The main duty of the American Red Cross in France is to meet the needs and wishes of the soldiers. This is as true to-day as it was before the guns ceased firing. The Yank in khaki must get what he wants when he wants it. Difficulties there may be, but what of them? They must all vanish.

When this country got into the war the American Red Cross settled upon a policy of maximum effort to help win the war. Among its many objects in that direction, the principal ones were to aid our own soldiers and their families, and to assist in upholding our Allies' morale by relieving distress among their civil populations. The signing of the armistice last November immediately lessened the scope of foreign relief, inasmuch as each country began to reassume the responsibility of caring for its own destitute citizens. But the end of fighting caused no immediate decrease in the service to our own soldiers.

It became evident at once that a large American army must stay in Europe. The men's families at home were sure to be dependent in large part on the Red Cross for months to come. Provision must be made for the comfort of the troops returning from overseas and for those whose hurried demobilization was ordered at the home camps.

Watching over the American soldier continues to-day to be the Red Cross's chief task. The hospital and nursing service here and abroad, with a record of 30,000 enrolments, is diminishing only in proportion to the fighting men's gradual return into civil life. Canteens, recreation huts, and rest houses are playing their part wherever American soldiers are traveling or camping, in the days of truce as amid the clang of war. The Red Cross worker has accompanied the American soldier into the Rhine country. Aid to the relatives left behind, as well as communication between the men in Europe and the folks at home, goes on as regularly as when the guns roared.

The important though less spectacular work of looking after homebound men from cantonments in this country kept hundreds of canteen and home service workers busy for weeks. Demobilization of the newly

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drafted soldiers proceeded swiftly. More than 700 Red Cross canteens served them along the various railway lines.

How far the arms of the Greatest Mother have reached is shown by two incidental entries in the headquarters records: Appropriations of $35,000 were made in two months for the relief of soldiers' families after the influenza epidemic in Porto Rico. The American colony in Christiania formed a Home Service station in November for the special purpose of aiding American soldiers' relatives in Norway. And all the while there has been an expansion of the facilities provided in coöperation with the Government for rehabilitating our war cripples and for assisting demobilized soldiers to get remunerative work after doffing their uniforms.

Although it is plain that governments must decide upon and for the most part execute measures of reconstruction in war-wrecked areas, the Red Cross has continued its relief undertakings wherever its coöperation was required. In short, its activity in supplementing governmental relief has depended upon the decisions of the nations in which it operated during wartime. It has stood ready to do what was wanted of it. For instance, relief work in France has continued in coöperation with native relief societies wherever the French Government requested a continuation of our participation.

Mr. Davison's Announcement

As Henry P. Davison, Chairman of the War Council, said in announcing the organization's after-the-war policy:

"Always, as heretofore, any plans adopted will assure complete coöperation with the respective governments and with any agencies with whom relations may be established.

"What the future is to be, no one can say. But that there will be an appealing cry of humanity from all over the world, no one can doubt. The needs of France, Belgium, Italy, Russia, and the Balkans will not terminate with the formal declaration of peace. A hard winter is ahead. Exposure and the hardships of war and the dislocated industrial conditions of the world have produced hunger, want, and disease.

"Politically the outlook for a new and better world is bright, but the economic conditions are ominous. There will be such distress in the world that it can not be met by voluntary organizations. Governments themselves must bear the chief burden, and I am confident that coöperation between the governments may be relied upon in an endeavor to meet this wholesale work of relief which will be needed.

"In addition to this, there will, however, be the necessity and opportunity for supplementary work which Red Cross organizations throughout the world can do, should do, and must do. Certainly the women of America, working through the Red Cross Chapters, and the women in other countries able to do similar work, will find their hearts dictating more than their hands can do. I hope no woman will think of relaxing her Red Cross activity, but will rather increase her endeavor to meet the calls for supplies of whatever character as issued from Red Cross Headquarters at Washington until a comprehensive and definite program may be worked out."

The Continuing Red Cross Work

In an official announcement issued subsequently to the 3,854 chapters and 22,000,000 members Mr. Davison said:

"We must labor in coöperation with the National Red Cross and relief societies of other nations to the end that not alone the heart of America, but the heart of all mankind, may become mobilized on behalf of suffering humanity.

"While, therefore, the plans of the American Red Cross in this direction cannot be formulated specifically in advance of the general relief program of the allied Governments, the American Red Cross is nevertheless planning to develop its permanent organization in this country upon a scale never before contemplated in time of peace.

"Study is being given by the national organization, not alone to problems of international relief, but to plans in this country for enlarged home service, the promotion of public health education, development of nursing, the care and prevention of accidents and other correlated lines which may contribute to the health and happiness of men, women, and children.

"For the completion of its war work and for the institution of its peace program, the Red Cross is fortunately in a healthy financial condition. What the American Red Cross needs now is not so much contributions of money, as the continued devotion and loyalty of its members."

In the last sentence was the keynote of the Red Cross Christmas Roll Call an appeal for continued support through membership rather than a call for funds.

The end of fighting found about 7,000 Red Cross men and women in France, where, of course, there was an immediate decrease of personnel when the French Government assumed charge of the anti-tuberculosis campaign, the feeding and clothing of refugees, and other relief affecting the French people. The American workers who remained on duty were mainly those with American troops. Somewhat the same conditions existed in Italy, though the Red Cross had much to do with preparing for the winter sheltering and feeding of the refugee population, as well as with perfecting of the campaign launched against tuberculosis last summer. In England there had not been much civilian relief work even in wartime so far as America was concerned, and the Red Cross personnel devoted itself to our army and navy camps and hospitals, the extent of which has naturally diminished with great rapidity.

From supplies stored in France have been diverted many things urgently needed by the Red Cross Commissions for the Balkans, Serbia, and Greece. Relief work by Americans in those countries continued to be vital after the armistice. Hospitals have been equipped, food and clothing provided, agricultural training schools

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PRÉSIDENCE
DE LA
RÉPUBLIQUE

Paris, le nov. 1 1918

Now that the hope of victory soothes
her pains, France remembers that,
since the very beginning of her
trials, her boys fighting on the front
or wounded in the field, her wi-
dows and orphans, and all there who
needed help and could be reached,
have received the heartiest support,
both material and moral, from
the American Red Cross.
When peace has come, when wounds
are cured, when ruins are repaired,
when orphans have grown men, France
shall never forget.

R. Poincaré

The fac-simile of an appreciative letter which M. Poincaré, the President of France, wrote in English to the Red Cross Society

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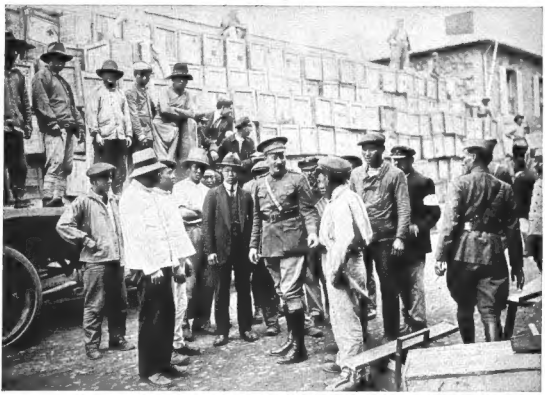

The Red Cross is essentially an organization for emergencies. Here we furnished an officer who could talk the Chinese language that the handling of the Chinese laborers might be facilitated

established and medical attention supplied to scattered communities which war had left in utter destitution. A special appeal on behalf of tubercular Serbian refugees in France met instant response. Agents went into Albania and Montenegro with instructions to give aid where it was needed—and the places were not hard to find. Cities and rural regions alike have suffered unbelievable misery throughout the Balkan countries. The commission for Serbia has seen a change in leadership—Thomas W. Farnam succeeding Dr. Edward Ryan who resigned.

An additional $600,000 was contributed to the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief for the months of November and December. The half of the story of sufferings among subject races of the Turkish Empire has not been told, nor a fraction of the misery alleviated. Previous Red Cross gifts to the committee had totaled $3,900,000. Toward the end of the year it was estimated that destitute persons in Western Asia numbered nearly 4,000,000.

In Palestine a serious food shortage has been averted, employment found for impoverished natives in the larger cities, and refugees opened for the homeless wanderers left in the path of war. The Red Cross Commission for Siberia continues its emergency work pending an international solution of the Russian problem. The needs are limitless. Nobody can tell when or how they will be met in full.

The Red Cross work in North Russia has included the establishment of an American hospital of one hundred beds and the daily feeding of 5,000 school children. Activities have been extended from Archangel to many small villages. An auxiliary ambulance service is operated for the medical officers of the army, and everything possible is being done for the care of our soldiers in that frozen corner of the world.

Here at home the effect of approaching peace has been noticeable in a diminution of personnel at National Headquarters in Washington, as well as in the divisions and chapters. The Christmas Roll Call for 1919 memberships, however, brought opportunities for a large majority of the workers to keep busy until the end of the year, and the permanent future of the society is so well settled in the public mind that it is safe to predict a continuance of effective chapter organization throughout the country. At National Headquarters many of the volunteers have remained on duty at great personal sacrifice. A change in the War Council has been the election of Jesse H. Jones and George E. Scott to succeed John D. Ryan and Harvey D. Gibson, resigned.

A complete review of Red Cross work in any period, even in one month, would fill volumes. But a glimpse at the high lights, a skeleton outline, suffices to indicate how wide has been the organization's range in wartime and how great are its possibilities in peace.

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